

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 262.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 109 NASSAU STREET.

## CONTENTS.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JUDGE STORY.—Marblehead in 1790.—The Supreme Court in 1812.  
STEPHEN'S LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.  
Second Paper.—Descartes—Perspicuity—Sociality—Froissart—Rabelais—Montaigne.  
AVANAGH'S WOMEN OF CHRISTIANITY.—An Innocent Untruth—Love Me, Love my Book.  
NEW YORK PORTRAYED BY PRESIDENT KING. Second Paper.—Union Park, &c.  
H. HUDSON'S SHAKESPEARE.—Petruchio's Katharine.  
JOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARIES.—Lactetius—Redding's Wines, &c.  
MARKS AND REMARKS.—Stability and Welfare of American Literary Periodicals—Magazines, for whom Written—Fashion Plates—Our Own Correspondent—Compliment to Shakespearean Mrs. Clarke—Liberty, Equality, et Fraternité, an Epigrammatic Epic—Notice of William Aytoun—Judge Kent—Francis Parkman.  
POETRY.—Blucher at the Rhine, from the German of Köpisch, by the Rev. C. T. Brooks—The River, a Sequel to "The Hill," by D. F. Barry.  
CORRESPONDENCE.—Aztec Pigmies—Theories of "Caudation"—Curious Anecdote of Lord Monboddo.  
SOME SKETCHES; OR, LIFE ALONG THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE SOUTH, by W. Gilmore Simms, IV.—Ancient Settlements along the Ashley—The Cooper—Izard's Camp—Game—Superstitions—Ephraim Bartlett, the Edisto Kaffman—Bram—The Haunted House—The Spectre Hunt.  
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—We call the attention of publishers and others to the improvements made in our advertising columns. Increased facilities for display have been secured by the use of the first and second pages and by the neatness and proportion in arrangement. No effort will be spared to give this department the utmost effect. In consequence of the increased expense, with the greater condensation of matter, the rates will hereafter be, in due proportion to the change, as follows:

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Single Inser.	Per Annum.
Half Square (8 lines),	\$ 0 50	
One Square (16 lines),	1 00	\$48 00
Thirty lines,	1 75	72 00
Half Column,	3 25	
One Column,	6 00	240 00
One Page,	15 00	

## ST. VALENTINE TO THE WORLD GREETING.

STRONG IS DULY COMMISSIONED MY VICEGERENT for the issuing of my documents throughout the world. Attest,

SAINT VALENTINE.

CUPID and ADONIS, Secretaries.

Under the above commission, STRONG is prepared to dispose of precious gifts, in the shape of

### VALENTINES,

WITTY, HUMOROUS, AFFECTIONATE, LOVING, GRAVE, PATHETIC, GAY, ROMANTIC, FANCIFUL, SINGULAR, ODD, AMATORY, AMUSING, SLY; FOR YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND EVEN OLD! THE FERT MISS, MARRIAGEABLE GIRL, THE COQUETTE, AND THE BEAU; FOR ALL!

His assortment this year surpasses that of any other, and he has been so long in the business that he knows well the public taste. There are Valentines alluding to every trade and profession, applicable to all desires. He has also a series of Valentines which give surnames, very often desired. His volume of

### POETIC VALENTINES,

Selected and Original, is perfectly unique in style and matter. The Ladies, as usual, will favor him with a call this year, and go away satisfied with their purchases. His Valentines range in price to suit customers. Wholesale dealers, as well as retailers in and out of the city, will find it to their interest to call and see him.

THOMAS W. STRONG, PUBLISHER,

171t 99 Nassau street.

U. S. SCHOOL AGENCY, for all EDUCATIONAL ORDERS.—MUTUAL BENEFIT AND SAVINGS INSTITUTE, No. 290 Broadway.—Negotiations daily, by the best Institutions, Families, and Teachers. A deposit of one per cent. on one year's compensation procures the full amount. Other deposits share the profits equally. Apply early, with the money, post-paid. Office hours, 3 to 12 A.M., and 1 to 5 P.M.  
Established 1847, by  
174t E. H. WILCOX, Proprietor.

ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.—A new and elegant edition, with a splendid portrait. Price \$1. Isaac Taylor's Elements of Thought, to match, 75 cts. Allen's Ritual of Freemasonry, \$3. Just published. By remitting, the books will be sent by mail, or as directed, to any part of the United States or Canada.  
WM. GOWANS, No. 176 Fulton street,  
174t New York.

## R. CRAIGHEAD, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPY, No. 53 VESEY STREET.

THE Subscriber begs to inform Publishers and Authors that he has laid in a Stock of NEW MATERIALS, and, notwithstanding the late disastrous fire by which his entire office was destroyed, is prepared to execute all orders with his usual accuracy and promptitude.

His Book Type is selected from the best Foundries in the country, and is unsurpassed in beauty of appearance and clearness of impression. His Presses are of Adams's last improvement, and are equal to the production of the best description of Printing.

R. CRAIGHEAD.

## MRS. LOUDON'S WORKS ON BOTANY AND GARDENING.

PUBLISHED BY

WM. S. ORR & CO., LONDON.

NEW EDITIONS, Revised and Improved.

These Volumes contain beautifully colored Drawings of above Seventeen Hundred of the Choicest Species of Garden and Greenhouse Plants and Wild Flowers; with Descriptions and full Directions for Cultivation.

THE LADIES' FLOWER GARDEN OF ORNAMENTAL ANNUALS. Forty-eight colored Plates, containing upwards of Three Hundred figures of the most showy and interesting Annual Flowers. Medium 4to., cloth.

THE LADIES' FLOWER GARDEN OF ORNAMENTAL BULBOUS PLANTS. In Fifty-eight colored Plates, containing above Three Hundred figures of the most desirable Bulbous Flowers. Medium 4to., cloth.

THE LADIES' FLOWER GARDEN OF ORNAMENTAL PERENNIALS. In Ninety colored Plates, containing Five Hundred figures of Hardy Perennial Flowers. Medium 4to., cloth.

THE LADIES' FLOWER GARDEN OF ORNAMENTAL GREENHOUSE PLANTS. In forty-two colored Plates, containing about Three Hundred figures of the most desirable Greenhouse Plants. Medium 4to., cloth.

BRITISH WILD FLOWERS, in Sixty Plates, containing Three Hundred and Fifty Species, beautifully colored. Medium 4to., cloth.  
A supply kept on hand by

BANGS, BROTHER & CO.,

d20 4t

13 PARK ROW.

## PULTE'S HOMOEOPATHY.

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS, 51 JOHN ST., NEW YORK.

Have just published the Second Edition of

PULTE'S HOMOEOPATHIC DOMESTIC

PHYSICIAN, containing the Treatment of Diseases;

with popular explanations on Anatomy, Physiology, Hy-

giene, and Hydropathy; also an abridged Materia Medi-

ca. By J. H. Pulte, M.D.

The demand for this popular and comprehensive Treatise

could only be met by the prompt issue of this second

and improved edition, in which the author has made im-

portant corrections, and added some articles on Diseases

not treated of in the first edition. Few works of this na-

ture have been received with more general satisfaction.

Published in one handsome large 12mo., price \$1 50.

Also,

OUTLINES OF CHEMISTRY, for the Use of

Students. By William Gregory, M.D., Prof. of Chem-

istry in the University of Edinburgh. First American,

from the second London edition; revised, corrected,

and enlarged, by J. Milton Saunders, M.D., LL.D., Prof.

of Chemistry in the Eclectic Medical Institute, Cincin-

nati. Price \$2.

"This is, beyond comparison, the best introduction to

Chemistry which has yet appeared. The directions for

preparing substances are usually confined to the best

methods, so that brevity and selectness are combined. The

size and price of this little work, as well as its intrinsic

merits, recommend it to every student of Chemistry."

—London Lancet. Also,

THE NEW AMERICAN SPEAKER; a col-

lection of Oratorical and Dramatical Pieces, Soliloquies

and Dialogues, with an introductory Essay on the Ele-

ments of Elocution, designed for the use of Schools,

Academies, and Colleges. By J. C. Zachos. Price

\$1 25.

IN PRESS.

WILLARD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED

STATES, in the Spanish language.

n22 1f A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers.

## THE FORREST DIVORCE CASE.

HERALD EDITION. The only authentic and reliable edition. Approved by the Testimonials of the Court, Counsel, and Mr. Forrest and Mr. Willis.

The sale of this work has been truly astonishing. Five Editions have been sold, making thirty thousand in all, and the demand still continues unabated.

Send on your orders immediately to insure a supply, to  
DEWITT & DAVENPORT,  
17 TRIBUNE BUILDINGS, Nassau street.

## TWO LIVING AZTEC CHILDREN.

A NEW AND ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE RACE OF MANKIND. The most extraordinary and inexplicable phenomena that the history of the human races has yet produced, can be seen for a few weeks at the large Exhibition Room of the SOCIETY LIBRARY, cor. of Broadway and Leonard streets. They were recently taken from a newly discovered and idolatrous people in Central America, by whom they were kept with superstitious veneration, distinct and secluded as a caste of their priesthood, and employed as Mimes and Bacchanals in their Pagan ceremonies and worship.

They are male and female. The latter measuring 29½ inches in height, weighing 17 lbs.; the former is 33 inches high, and weighs 20 lbs.

From repeated and careful examination, the best physiologists state the elder to be 12 or 13 years of age; the younger about 10 years.

They differ altogether from examples of the dwarf kind, and from children; affording complete and undeniable illustration of a Pigmian variety of the Human Race!

Tickets of admission, 25 cents. Children under 10 years, half price. Season tickets, \$1. Doors open each day, from 11 until one, and from 8 until 9 o'clock. j17 1f

## MARTIN'S SUPERIOR PUBLICATIONS,

## THE FAMILY COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE,

AS PUBLISHED BY THE LONDON RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

Being a Compilation from the Works of Henry, Scott, and about One Hundred other Writers.

In parts, each containing a splendid Steel Engraving. Price 25 cents.

## WILSON'S TALES OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER. 5 vols. \$10.

## BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

With Fifty-three magnificent Steel Engravings, morocco super, \$10.

## MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Forty-nine Steel Engravings, morocco super, \$9 50.  
71y R. MARTIN, 66 Beekman st.

## JOHN W. ORR, ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he still continues the business of WOOD ENGRAVING, in all its branches, at his old place,  
75 NASSAU STREET,

where, with his long experience and superior advantages, he is enabled to execute all orders in his line, however large, in a superior style, with the utmost dispatch, and on reasonable terms. His facilities for doing all kinds of work are unsurpassed.

j31 1f J. W. ORR, 75 Nassau st., New York.

## HISTORIA DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS, POR EMMA WILLARD.

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

Have Just Published

WILLARD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, IN THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

Price \$1 75.

THE call for a Spanish Translation of Mrs. Willard's History is a fair recommendation of the work, as it is published in the English tongue, of which Hon. Daniel Webster says of an early edition, "I keep it near me, as a Book of Reference, accurate in facts and dates." d30

## ENGRAVING.

THE Subscriber would inform Authors, Publishers, and Printers, that he still continues to carry on the business of ENGRAVING ON WOOD, in all its branches. His facilities are such that he is enabled to execute all orders promptly, and in every style of the Art, upon the most reasonable terms; while the experience of many years enables him to feel perfect confidence in his efforts to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

N. ORR, No. 32 John street  
(between Nassau and William), New York.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY, BOSTON,  
WILL SOON PUBLISH:

**MEMOIRS OF SARAH MARGARET FULLER,**

MARCHESA OSSOLI,

EDITED BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

Two volumes 12mo.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE. An entire New Edition**

Illustrated with numerous fine Engravings, by our most eminent artists. It will be complete in one volume, and will be uniform in size and price with our edition of the Standard Poets.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO. HAVE RECENTLY PUBLISHED:

**CARLYLE'S LIFE OF JOHN STERLING,**

In one volume 12mo.

**MARGARET: A Tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight & Bloom;**

INCLUDING SKETCHES OF A PLACE NOT BEFORE DESCRIBED, CALLED MONS CHRISTI.

By the Author of "Richard Edney; or, the Governor's Family."

**SKETCHES OF BOSTON AND VICINITY;**

CONTAINING

**AN ACCOUNT OF BOSTON IN THE TIMES OF THE PILGRIMS.**

By JOSIAH QUINCY.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF BOSTON from 1630

to 1850.

THE CHURCHES OF BOSTON, with 60 Engravings.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, with 24 Engravings.

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

One vol. 18mo., 120 Engravings, 350 pages, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1; extra fine paper, 16mo., 3 Maps, \$1 50.

**OUR CAMPAIGN; Or, Thoughts on the Career of Life.**

By E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

One vol. 12mo., 356 pages, cloth, 60 cents.

**LIFE IN VARIED PHASES.**

Illustrated in a Series of Sketches. By Mrs. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

One vol. 288 pages, 12mo. cloth, price 75 cts.

**NEW VOLUMES OF BOHN'S LIBRARIES.**

**VASARI'S LIVES OF THE PAINTERS.**

VOL. IV. OF THE STANDARD LIBRARY.

**MANTELL'S FOSSILS AND PETRIFACTIONS OF THE**

**BRITISH MUSEUM.**

OF THE SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY.

**LUCRETIIUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.**

OF THE CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

**REDDING ON WINES.**

OF THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY.

The above, together with the other volumes of Bohn's valuable Library Series, may be had singly, or in sets, of BANGS, BROTHER & CO., Trade Sale Rooms, No. 13 Park Row.

**THE FIFTH EDITION OF**

**NEW YORK:**

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY E. PORTER BELDEN, M.A.

Has been issued by PRALL, LEWIS & Co.

We have made arrangements by which we have bound, and will continue to bind with each edition of the above, the

**AMERICAN ADVERTISER;**

A REFERENCE WORK FOR

PURCHASERS.

Containing the Cards of Merchants and Manufacturers in every line of business.

Price, including both of the works, 25 cts. and upwards.

**STURGES ON THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.**

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.

Price, in muslin, 75 cents; in paper, 50 cents.

The Cheapest Almanac of the Season!

**AMERICAN**

**COMMERCIAL ALMANAC**

FOR 1852,

Containing, besides the astronomical matter, numerous statistical details relative to the government, judiciary, population, resources, and commerce of the Union; all the details of inland and foreign postage, and the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES in full, the latter of which alone usually sells for twice the price of the Almanac.

Price 6 1/4 cts. single; \$4 per hundred; \$35 per thousand.

PRALL, LEWIS & CO., Publishers,

76 Nassau st., New York.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S**

**METALLIC PENS FOR ALL WRITERS!!**

**Manufacturer's Warehouse,**

No. 91 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK,

Where a large Stock of these well known Pens, suitable for every description of writing, may always be found, and which are offered to the Trade on liberal terms.

MR. GILLOTT

Desires to Caution the Public against the

Practices of certain Pretended Manufacturers of Steel Pens,

Who, by assuming the style and character of

**LABELS,**

with the same Names, Descriptions, and Designating Numbers, as his Pens, seek to impose on buyers!

**OBSERVE!**

All Packages or Boxes of JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS have a Fac-simile of his signature on the reverse side.

None others are genuine, and the Public is advised further, that in all cases where his Numbers, and the phraseology of his Labels are adopted by other Parties (with especial reference to his No. 308), THE PENS ARE NOT made by him, though asserted so to be.

JOSEPH GILLOTT, HENRY OWEN, AGENT.

*Neill's Outlines of the Arteries.*

NEW EDITION NOW READY.

BARRINGTON & HASWELL,

27 NORTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

The Second Edition of

**OUTLINES OF THE ARTERIES.**

WITH SHORT DESCRIPTIONS:

Designed for the Use of Medical Students. With Colored Engravings.

By JOHN NEILL, M.D.

Demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania; Physician to Wills's Hospital; Lecturer on Anatomy; Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, etc., etc.

The following are notices of the first edition:

"This book should be in the hand of every medical student. It is cheap, portable, and precisely the thing needed in studying an important, though difficult part of Anatomy."—*Boston Med. and Surg. Journ.*

"Its chief excellency, however, is its mode of reference, in which it differs from the usual method of numbering the different vessels, and referring to their numbers in the accompanying explanations."—*Med. Exam.*

"The drawings are very distinct and well colored. The idea of this work was a happy one, and, we trust, for the benefit of students, that the author will extend it to the veins, nerves, &c."—*Amer. Journ. of Med. Sciences.*

By the same Author.

**OUULINES OF THE NERVES.**

A new edition is now being prepared, and will be ready about the FIRST of March.

B. & H. have for sale a large assortment of MEDICAL and SCHOOL BOOKS, which they will sell at the very lowest prices. They continue to publish and offer to trade the following valuable and popular works:—

MINOR SURGERY; or, Hints on the Every-Day Duties of the Surgeon. Third edition, with numerous additions. Illustrated by 247 Engravings. By H. H. Smith, M.D., Assistant Lecturer on Clinical Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, &c., &c. Demy 8vo.

BELL'S TREATISE ON BATHS; including Cold, Hot, Warm, Hot, Vapor, Gas, and Mud Baths; with a description of Bathing in Ancient and Modern Times. Demy 8vo.

BELL AND STOKES'S LECTURES ON THE THEORY and Practice of Medicine. 4th American edition.

GROSS'S PATHOLOGICAL ANATOMY—colored illustrations and wood engravings.

LISTON AND GROSS'S ELEMENTS OF SURGERY, near two hundred illustrations.

LATHAM ON AUSCULTATION AND DISEASES OF the Heart. 2 vols.

LUDLOW'S MANUAL OF EXAMINATIONS IN THE Various Branches of Medical Sciences.

GERHARD ON THE DIAGNOSIS, PATHOLOGY, and Treatment of Diseases of the Chest.

GRAVES AND GERHARD'S SYSTEM OF CLINICAL Medicine.

JOHN HUNTER'S COMPLETE WORKS. 4 vols. 8vo, with numerous illustrations.

FOX AND HARRIS'S DENTAL SURGERY. Super-royal 8vo., beautiful lithographic engravings.

COLLES'S LECTURES ON SURGERY—comprising his work on the Venereal Disease.

EVANSON AND MAUNSELL ON THE MANAGEMENT and Treatment of the Diseases of Children.

COLEY ON THE DISEASES OF INFANTS AND Children.

GOOCH'S MIDWIFERY.

GOOCH ON DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

HENRY'S EXPOSITION OF THE OLD & New Testaments. 6 vols., super royal 8vo.

PRESBYTERIAN CONFESION OF FAITH

DAVID'S PSALMS, 32mo.

Do. do., 18mo., large type.

DOVER'S SELECTION OF HYMNS.

FORM BOOK—PRACTICAL FORMS FOR Every Man of Business.

**SCHOOL BOOKS.**

WANOSTROCHT'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.

TELEMAQUE (LE BRUN'S).

WILSON'S GREEK TESTAMENT.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING MAPS; adapted to the use of schools. By F. M. Lubbron.

CONCHOLOGIST'S FIRST BOOK, arranged expressly for the use of colleges and schools, illustrated with 25 beautifully colored engravings of Shells, presenting a correct type of each Genus.



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

## LITERATURE.

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JUDGE STORY.\*

First Paper.

WITHIN the memory of the youngest men now on the active stage of life, the three greatest lights of American jurisprudence—Marshall, Kent, and Story—have been extinguished. The last of these, both in the order of age and in the time of his death, though inferior in native vigor and independence of mind, and in some of the elements of judicial greatness, has nevertheless left a wider reputation and a larger fame than either of the others. He added to the labors of the bench and the professor's chair the toils of authorship; and to their results, more than to those of his other spheres of labor, were owing the respect and admiration which accompany his memory, and make his name a tower of strength to the American Bar. A lawyer, in the routine of his professional duties, consumes the energies of a lifetime in separate, distinct, successive efforts, demanding, it is true, the severest mental culture and discipline, and yet leaving few permanent results. The prominent men at the Bar at any period, whose services are sought after for their tact, ability, industry, and success with courts and juries, with showers of retainers, have a prodigious reputation for a time in their own offices, amongst their own clerks and clients, amongst their friends in general, and amongst a portion of the community in which they move. Beyond this, the world knows nothing of them, and the future entirely ignores them, even around their own hearthstones. A few old lawyers remember them after they are dead and gone, the veteran criers of two or three courts embalm the memories of their wit and pathos in a series of confused and snuffy mementoes, and the student who ransacks the Reports for authorities stops now and then to admire and avail himself of an ingenious point or apt analogy in some old case in which their arguments have been perpetuated. The lawyer knows this very well; and it is the reason why, in the midst of briefs, clients, and decisions in his favor, he is not satisfied with being a lawyer—he must be a politician. Even the wisest and oldest of the profession cannot withstand a nomination for the State Senate, for Congress, or for Governor. Hence it is that the discipline and the labors of professional life in this country are so frequently only the basis of the career of distinguished men. Very few content themselves with the limited distinction which their profession affords, or confine their aspirations to the channel of that profession. They do not care to be judges, and they cannot be commentators; so they take their chances of fame in political life, and abandon the law not so much because it doesn't pay as because it doesn't immortalize.

There is therefore a high degree of interest and satisfaction in the lives of those men whose greatness and whose fame are the natural product of their calling, who have magnified their vocation by sedulously devoting themselves to those labors which it imposed and demanded, and making them the means and sources of their own distinction.

\* Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, &c. Edited by his son William W. Story. Boston, Little & Brown, 1851.

Such a man was Judge Story. His life, the life at first of a country lawyer, then of a city lawyer, of a judge for thirty-five years, of a professor of legal science, of a writer on Bailments, on Agency, on Bills of Exchange, on Constitutional Law, on the Conflict of Laws, on Equity, has little incident and no romance to form an entertaining biography; but there is a completeness and symmetry about it, a moral grace of proportion and harmony, which make it all the more perfect for the substantial purposes of instruction and example.

Joseph Story was born at Marblehead in Essex county, Massachusetts, on the 18th of September, 1779. His father was a physician, who, after having served as a surgeon in the army of the Revolution, settled at Marblehead in his advanced years. The future judge of the Supreme Court of the United States makes his first appearance on the stage, in the village barber's shop, "a handsome florid boy, with long auburn ringlets which curled down to his shoulders, and a face full of animation," who would frequently, at the instigation of the barber, mount the table and declaim pieces of poetry which he had committed to memory, and sometimes make prayers.

Marblehead, according to the biographer, like Nantucket and other localities almost fabulous to our present generation, was a peculiar place, and the Marbleheaders were very peculiar people. Some traits and characteristics of the place and its population are preserved in connexion with the youthful days of Judge Story, and are interesting as matters of national tradition.

## MARBLEHEAD IN 1780.

"Among the inhabitants of the town were many peculiar characters, of whom my father used to relate anecdotes and to describe as ready-made for the hands of the novelist. Among them was an eccentric and perverse man of secluded habits, of considerable study, and of great natural sagacity, whom the townsfolk nicknamed Uncle Dimond. Scarcely any of the humbler people in Marblehead had a doubt that he was 'in league with the devil,' as they expressed it—such being the natural mode in which a people so simple, ignorant, and superstitious, explained a combination of eccentricity and information—and numberless are the stories which I have heard told to prove his supernatural powers.

"In Marblehead, words and names

"Suffered a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange."

Those who knew my father will remember to have heard him speak of 'Skipper Flurry,' 'Old Boy Trash,' 'Hoppy Kitchen,' 'Josh Foster,' and a score of others. The name of Crowninshield was transformed, in 'that classic dialect' (as my father always called it), into Grounseil; and a French family named Blanepied having emigrated there, its name settled into the less euphonious one of Blumpy.

"Occasionally, after my father had been made a Judge, he found advantage in the recollection of these peculiarities. Once, while he was trying a case in the Circuit Court, in Boston, the clerk called out the name of one of the jury as Michael Treffery (it being so spelt). No answer was given. Again he was called, and still there was silence. 'It is very strange,' said the clerk, 'I saw that man here not two minutes ago.' 'Where does he come from?' asked the Judge. 'Marblehead, may it please your honor,' said the clerk. 'If that's the case,' said the Judge, 'let me see the list.' The clerk handed it up to him. He looked at the name a minute, and handing back the list, said, 'Call Mike Trevey' (throwing the accent on the last syllable). 'Mike Trevey,'

called the clerk. 'Here,' answered a gruff voice. 'Why did you not answer before?' said the clerk. 'Treffery is no way to pronounce my name,' said the jurymen; 'my name is Mike Trevey, as the Judge knows.'

"Another anecdote to the same purpose was furnished me by Mr. George Wilson. He says: 'On one occasion, when some of our fishermen were in court to settle a mutiny, which had taken place on the Grand Bank (of Newfoundland), one, on being called upon to state what he knew, said, that the skipper and one of his shipmates had what he called a 'jor of ile.' The presiding Judge in vain endeavored to get a more intelligible answer, and finally your father was called upon as usual to act as interpreter to his townsman, which he immediately did, telling the Court that a 'jor of ile,' in Marblehead dialect, was a 'jaw awhile,' which, being interpreted, meant that the two men abused each other grossly for some time. This, as you may suppose, excited not a little merriment.

"The infamous memory of one of the inhabitants of the town is inclosed like a noxious fly in the amber of an old rhyme, which indicates the generous character of the people, and contains a peculiarity of their pronunciation in giving the sound of *o* to *a*. The rhyme relates to a captain of a vessel, who was guilty of the inhumanity of sailing past a wreck, on which there were five persons, without attempting to succor them, and who was in consequence tarred and feathered by the inhabitants upon his return. Spelled as pronounced, it is as follows:—

"Old Flood Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Was torred and feathered and corried in a cart,  
And for leaving five men on a wreck,  
Was torred and feathered all over his back."

The interval between the commencement of Judge Story's career at the bar, and his appointment to a seat on the bench of the Superior Court, is extraordinarily brief, and furnishes few points of interest. Like most young lawyers he wrote verses, and even published a poem. Like most ambitious young men he worked hard, and caught eagerly at each successive round in the ladder of fortune. His ascent, unlike that of too many of equal industry and even greater genius, was rapid and easy; and there is hardly an instance on record of so speedy a translation from the laborious arena of professional life, to the dignities and honors of the highest judicial station, as his biography affords. His true career commenced with his judgeship. What would have been the ruin of most men was the good fortune of Judge Story, the foundation of his fame. He was a judge in the highest court of the country at the age of thirty-two; but this high office, instead of being the end of his ambition, and the abrupt *finale* of his successful labors, he regarded rather as the highest sphere of professional activity, and devoted himself with zeal and diligence to the true discharge of its functions.

When Judge Story took his seat at Washington, Chief-Justice Marshall was at the head of the court, and William Pinckney was Attorney-General. The new judge was at once in an atmosphere most congenial and inspiring, and in the pictures which his letters afford of the outset of his judicial career we find traits of character and many personal associations of great interest. With these extracts we take leave of the work for this week, intending to resume the narrative in a further paper.

## THE SUPREME COURT IN 1812.

"To Nathaniel Williams, Esq.

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 16th, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Before this day, which

is truly a day of rest, I have had no opportunity to reply to your late favor. We have been engaged in court constantly from eleven to four o'clock, and have listened to some very good, and some very dull arguments. You ask me how the ermine rests upon my shoulders. I answer with more ease than I expected. I am more at home than I looked to be in so novel an employment. The causes which I have had to encounter have been generally difficult, and the first (the Holland Company cause), which lasted five days, was extremely intricate and laborious. It was on the equity side of the court, with which I profess no familiarity, but steady attention enabled me to grasp it, and my first strong views have been those which the court have ultimately supported. We live very harmoniously and familiarly. We moot questions as they are argued with freedom, and derive no inconsiderable advantage from the pleasant and animated interchange of legal acumen.

"I had no opportunity of hearing Mr. Pinkney until Friday; though engaged in another cause, he shunned a display, and after keeping the public in suspense as to his *début*, he at last burst upon us. It was in a Maryland cause—*Le Roy v. The Maryland Insurance Company*. Winder and Harper were for the plaintiffs, Martin and Pinkney for the defendants. Winder was smart and striking; Harper adroit and able; Martin heavy, unmethodical, and inaccurate. A crowded audience attended to hear Pinkney, and he was evidently put upon his mettle. Though I live in the same house, I had seen little of him; he seemed distant, reserved, and haughty. When he conversed, I was so unfortunate as to find him sluggish, probably because his mind was preoccupied. His countenance and voice, too, were not prepossessing. You may judge, therefore, that I saw him come to the argument with some doubts whether your own eulogy were true. His manner was very vehement and impetuous, his action quick, his gestures strong, and his whole body in continual motion. His voice, naturally harsh, was pressed into occasional elevation and immediate depression, in a manner that was rather painful. These were his defects, and all his defects. His argument was admirable, his language fluent and select, elegant, glowing, fiery—the *ardentia verba* of oratory—and his logic was conceived with a cogency that bore itself in one continual stream of reasoning.

"Wave followed wave, nor spent its force in vain."

I say this to you without meaning to intimate that he had the better of the argument. It is of no consequence. His manner of treating his side of the question exhibited the character of a master, and that is all that oratory demands. I consider him a strong man, and a prodigious gain to the administration."

"To Samuel P. P. Fay, Esq.

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 24<sup>th</sup>, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

So far as my judicial duties go, I find myself considerably more at ease than I expected. My brethren are very interesting men, with whom I live in the most frank and unaffected intimacy. Indeed, we are all united as one, with a mutual esteem which makes even the labors of jurisprudence light. The mode of arguing causes in the Supreme Court is excessively prolix and tedious; but generally the subject is exhausted, and it is not very difficult to perceive at the close of the cause, in many cases, where the press of the argument and of the law lies. We moot every question as we proceed, and my familiar conferences at our lodgings often come to a very quick, and, I trust, a very accurate opinion in a few hours. On the whole, therefore, I begin to feel the weight of depression with which I came here insensibly wearing away, and a calm but ambitious self-possession gradually succeeding in its place. Some difficulties which I anticipated have vanished at the

touch, and some which I have had to meet have been vanquished without extraordinary labor. I am, therefore, comparatively happy, and begin to feel encouragement that, by diligence, care, and patience, I may not dishonor the elevated station assigned to me. It fell to my lot to-day to prepare and deliver the opinion of the Court in a Massachusetts cause, so that I have already delivered my maiden speech."

"To Mrs. Sarah W. Story.

"WASHINGTON, March 5<sup>th</sup>, 1812.

"MY DEAREST WIFE,

It is certainly true, that the Judges here live with perfect harmony, and as agreeably as absence from friends and from families could make our residence. Our intercourse is perfectly familiar and unconstrained, and our social hours, when undisturbed with the labors of law, are passed in gay and frank conversation, which at once enlivens and instructs. Abroad, our rank claims and obtains the public respect; and scarcely a day passes in court in which parties of ladies do not occasionally come in and hear for a while the arguments of learned counsel. On two occasions our room has been crowded with ladies, to hear Mr. Pinkney, the present Attorney-General. He is a very able and eloquent man; his voice is harsh and feeble; his manner very vehement, nay, almost boisterous; yet, notwithstanding these defects, such is his strong and cogent logic, his elegant and perspicuous language, his flowing graces, and rhetorical touches, his pointed and persevering arguments, that he enchants, interests, and almost irresistibly leads away the understanding."

SIR JAMES STEPHEN'S LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.\*

SECOND PAPER.

We promised our readers to recur to Sir James Stephen's suggestive chapters on the Power of the Pen. His style, which does not appear as yet matured into well settled historical narrative, being neither exactly Guizot nor Macaulay in such passages, is here at home in a semi-oratorical, gliding, philosophical disquisition, which winds its way around, and penetrates the heart of its subjects. Two leading ideas he finds early stamped upon French literature, the traits of perspicuity and sensibility, or, as we might more colloquially say, of neatness, clear and transparent, and sociability, with a constant invitation to the pleasurable. This definiteness he traces in the logical precision and argumentative finesse of Descartes, who complemented the intellect of the French people, and made a certain degree of belief for ever fashionable. The social element he finds in Rabelais and Montaigne, with its tendencies, in them and since, both to what is admirable and what is to be condemned.

Of the higher influences of Descartes, whose famous initial proposition has the look, at least, of a juggler's trick in metaphysics, Mr. Stephen thus remarks, at the close of a fine summary of his leading arguments:—

"But to gratify the taste, and to win the applause of the courtly or literary circles of the age of Louis XIV., was the least of the effects of the labors of Des Cartes. He is the founder in France of that habit of mind, which to this hour characterizes her more eminent philosophers, and which they hold up to the admiration of mankind under the distinguished term of Spiritualism. On the soundness of these Neo-Platonic doctrines I do not presume to hazard an opinion. But it is risking little to say that he did good service to his country, who, by the

undying authority of his name, has rescued it from the sensualism of Hobbes. To Des Cartes, more than to any other man, it is owing that Physiology has never been allowed by the great philosophical teachers of France, or by their disciples, to usurp the province of Psychology; that the soul is not believed by them to acquire and to digest her aliment just as the body gathers and assimilates its food; that they do not suppose the will, and all the other powers of the interior man, to be but so many parts of a thinking mechanism, obeying the immutable laws of mental dynamics, and destined at last to an inert inactivity; that they discern in the relations of man to his Creator the still perceptible traces of the Divine image, in which our race was formed, and which, in the depths of its fall and degradation, it still retains; and that they perceive, even in the economy and structure of the material universe, a wisdom which contemplates and provides for something more than merely material advantages."

On another page Mr. Stephen makes the true and subtle remark of France:—"Nowhere else have books and men borne so intimate a relation to each other." We may see this in a species of literature some degrees lower than books. While we write, a newspaper brings us the intelligence of the last change of the national inscriptions on the Public Buildings of Paris, where a word and a blow seem to settle the matter of government. Nowhere is a proclamation more imposing. A handbill of a dozen sentences overturns the state. A few words rule the land. The charmed *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* serves for a while instead of prescription, growth, or constitution. France became republican by simply turning over the Dictionary. Now the conjuring power of those words being done, the spell is to be reversed. That brilliant Minister of the Interior, M. de Morney, issues an ordonnance to the effect, that the "touching device," as he pathetically calls it, be abolished. The Grand Opera is restored, le Palais National is again le Palais Royal. It is all done by a sign-painter; the tide of feeling flows back with the inverted brush, and France is to-day monarchical, as it was yesterday republican. Verily, words are things in France; and, if words, cumulatively so are books.

"Whoever has much studied their books must be of a sluggish imagination if he has not seen the land and its inhabitants with his mental eye even before he has actually visited them. Not only their dramatists, their novelists, and their memoir-writers, but their divines, philosophers, moralists, and historians, are ever drawing from the life. The Misanthrope, or the Memoirs of St Simon, are not more absolutely French than the Essays of Montaigne or the Discourses of Massillon. Sterne's *la Fleur* is not so thoroughly a Frenchman as Montesquieu. From the literary works, grave and gay, of the French people, which lie in such profusion before us, we may perhaps, therefore, be able to infer something of the spirit of the land for which they were composed, and of the influence of that spirit on the authors of them."

This is candidly said in a comparison of the English and French schools of writing, though if the investigation were pursued into the essential merits and depths of the two, the eulogium would be given to the other side:—

"First, then, every one who is at all conversant with the great writers of France will, I believe, be prompt to acknowledge their superiority to all other European writers, and especially to our own, in the art or the power of perspicuity.

\* Lectures on the History of France. By the Right Honorable Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., &c. Harpers.



Compare, for example, the language of Montaigne, of Pascal, of Bossuet or of Montesquieu, with the style of Hooker, or Milton, or Jeremy Taylor, or Clarendon. How limpid the flow, how clear and logical the sequences of the French—how involved, inverted, parenthetical, and obscure the stately march of the English composition. In the Ecclesiastical Polity, in the Areopagitica, in the Liberty of Prophesying, or in the History of the Rebellion, how few are the periods which fully convey their meaning, until they have been broken up by the student into their elementary sentences. In the Essays of Montaigne, or in the Provincial Letters, or in the Histoire des Variations, or in the Esprit des Lois, how laboriously must the reader search for so much as a single example of involution, inversion, or parenthesis! I express no opinion on the comparative excellence either of the two schools, or of their respective canons of criticism. I confine myself to the remark that, in this competition of the giants, the palm of habitually expressing the most profound thoughts in the most simple and intelligible forms of speech must be awarded, not to England, but to France.

"And such as are the giants in either host, such also, in their measure, are the innumerable dwarfs in each. In later times, indeed, the common herd of writers in both nations have affected a sort of *chiaro-scuro*—the convenient shelter for meagreness of thought and poverty of invention. For this degeneracy we however are, I fear, far more deeply responsible than our neighbors. Darkened as the literary language of France has so often been by the fumes of undigested metaphysics, there is no author, and scarcely any reader there, who would not stand aghast at the introduction into his native tongue of that inorganic language which even Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself tumbled out in some of his more elaborate speculations, and with which the imitators of that great man are at this day distorting and Germanizing the speech of our progenitors."

The other condition to which we alluded is thus described:—

"Now, as we are to infer from the style peculiar to France some of the distinguishing characteristics of the national mind, what are those distinctive qualities of the French people which have prescribed clearness and precision as the first and fundamental law of all good or tolerable composition among them? I answer, first, that in that law we have a proof of the genial, sympathetic, and communicative spirit which is their inalienable birthright. The cloud-compelling Jupiter shrouded himself in darkness, because he dwelt in an abstracted and silent solitude. But the God of day rejoiced in the light, because he was also the God of eloquence. Even so a German will so often write obscurely, because his pleasure is in secluded rumination. A Frenchman always writes clearly, because his happiness is in social and intellectual intercourse. The first calls up shadowy dreams not less with his pen than with his pipe. The other is engaged in the commerce of thought in his study not less than in the salon. And hence the immeasurable superiority of the French to all other nations in social literature. What can be compared with the ease, the grace, the fascinating flow of their familiar letters? except perhaps their historical memoirs, which are, indeed, but another kind of familiar letters, addressed to society at large by actors in the scene of public life, who have gladly escaped from its caution and reserve to enjoy the freedom of colloquial intercourse.

"But such advantages are purchased at a price. The propensity and the power thus to render literature subservient to the embellishment of life are continually tending to a fatal abuse. Recall the long series of men of genius, from Rabelais to Voltaire, who, becoming the

victims of their own arts of fascination, have so often debased history, philosophy, and religion itself to a frivolous pastime—the idle resource of the habitually idle. Remember how Bayle postpones everything else to the amusement of his readers; how Montesquieu strews the *Esprit des Lois* with epigrams; and how even the illustrious Pascal illuminates the most awful of all discussions with the charms of his inimitable irony. Conjecture (for it is hopeless to measure) the dimensions of those pyramids of contes, novels, romances, fictitious memoirs, comedies, and vaudevilles, which the pens of French men and women have piled up with such a prodigality of labor and of talent; and then confess that, if the passion to captivate and to be captivated has rendered the style of France pellucid, it has also contributed not a little to render much of her literature frivolous."

We might, with pleasure to ourselves and the reader, pursue these suggestions through some of Mr. Stephen's leading literary portraits, which he has drawn with sympathy and accuracy. Froissart is delightfully summed up in an epigram.

#### FROISSART.

"The earlier chroniclers had been either the narrators of what they had seen, or the transcribers or abbreviators of what they had read. He, on the other hand, made it the business of his life to gather, from the captains or the princes of his age, the materials for the commemoration of their exploits. Such information could not, of course, be so collected and employed without some sacrifice of historical fidelity. But if he is sometimes unjust in the distribution of praise or blame, he is perfectly accurate in the delineation of the world in which he lived. *He is not the apologist, but the enthusiast of the age of chivalry. He does not exaggerate its virtues, for he could conceive of none more exalted; nor does he conceal its faults, for he was blind to their deformity.*"

The diverse powers of Rabelais are admirably discriminated and philosophically allowed:

#### RABELAIS.

"From the revival of heathen antiquity, Rabelais had gathered a mass of learning resembling the diet of his own Pantagruel, who had 4600 cows milked every morning for his breakfast. From the revival of Christian antiquity, he had learned to despise the authority and the superstitions of the Church of Rome, without at the same time learning to reverence the authority and the doctrines of the Gospel. He thus traversed the boundless expanse of human knowledge without the chart or compass which may be discovered only in that knowledge which is not human, but divine. He traversed it under the guidance of his own wit, sagacity, and humor; a wit vaulting at a bound from the arctic to the antarctic poles of thought; a sagacity embracing all the higher questions of man's social existence, and many of the deeper problems of his moral constitution; and a humor which fairly baffles all attempts to analyse or to describe it; for it was the result, not of natural temperament alone, but also of the most assiduous and severe studies. The language of Greece had become as familiar to him as his mother tongue; and while he learned from Galen and Hippocrates to investigate the properties of living or of inert matter, he was trained by Plato to spiritual meditation, and by Lucian to a scepticism and a buffoonery alike audacious and unintermitted. From the union of such a disposition and of such discipline emerged the strange phenomenon of a philosopher in his revels. In contemplating it, one knows not, as it has been well said, 'whether to wonder most that such wisdom should ever assume the mask

of folly, or that such folly should permit the growth and development of any true wisdom.' It is, however, an apparent rather than a real difficulty. The wisdom is never sublime, and the folly but seldom abject. Each is but a different aspect of a nature, of which the parts are, indeed, inharmonious, but not incompatible—of a genuine Epicurean gifted with gigantic powers, but of cold affections and of debased appetites; ever worshipping and obeying his one idol, pleasure, though at one time 'he bids him soar to the empyrean, and at another commands him to wallow in the sty.'

The mood and humor of Montaigne are as justly displayed in a portraiture of a few sentences, which may be looked upon with pleasure, even after the pencillings of Hallam:

#### MONTAIGNE.

"Montaigne was a sceptic (as very many are), because his sagacity and diligence were buoyant enough to raise his mind to the clouds which float over our heads, but were not buoyant enough to elevate him to the pure regions of light which lie beyond them. His learning was various rather than recondite. It was drawn chiefly from Latin authors, and from the Latin authors of a degenerating age; not from Cicero or Virgil, but from Seneca and Pliny. Of Greek he knew but little, though he was profoundly conversant with the translation of Plutarch, with which Amyot had lately rendered all French readers familiar. From such masters Montaigne did not learn, and could not have learned the love of truth. They taught him rather to content himself with loose historical gossip, and with half formed notions in philosophy. They taught him not how to resolve, but how to amuse himself with the great problems of human existence. They encouraged his characteristic want of seriousness and earnestness of purpose. From such studies, and from the events of his life and times, he learned to flutter over the surface of things, and to traverse the whole world of moral, religious, and political inquiry, without finding, and without seeking a resting-place. His aimless curiosity and versatile caprice form at once the fascination and the vice of his writings, though not, indeed, their only vice. In this presence I am bound to add the warning, that the name of Montaigne belongs to that melancholy roll of the great French sceptical writers—Rabelais, Montesquieu, Bayle, Voltaire, and Diderot—who, not content to assault the principles of virtue, have so far debased themselves as laboriously to stimulate the disorderly appetites of their readers.

"Yet the scepticism of Montaigne was not altogether such as theirs is. He has none of their dissolute revelry in confounding the distinctions of truth and falsehood, of good and evil. He does not, like some of them, delight in the darkness with which he believes the mind of man to be hopelessly enveloped. He rather placidly and contentedly acquiesces in the conviction that truth is beyond his reach. He could amuse himself with doubt, and play with it. With few positive, and no dearly-cherished opinions, he had no ardor for any opinion, and had not the slightest desire to make proselytes to his own Pyrrhonism. He was, on the contrary, to the last degree, tolerant of dissent from his own judgment; and, in the lack of other opponents, was prompt, and even glad to contradict himself. Of all human infirmities, dulness, and obscurity, and vehemence are those from which he was most exempt. Of all human passions, the zeal which fires the bosom of a missionary is that from which he was the most remote. We associate with him as one of the most pleasant of all our illustrious companions, and quit him as one of the least impressive of all our eminent instructors."

## WOMEN OF CHRISTIANITY.\*

We have had, of late, a great many parcel biographies, pictures of people in classes, and amongst them various groups of Bible Characters from the Old and New Testament, and many collections of Women of the heroic and patriotic stamp, as the "Women of the American Revolution," the "Ladies of the Covenant," &c. As an indication of a growing taste for real life, a departure from the exclusive school of feminine novel reading, and a recognition, on parlor tables, of such things as history and biography, we give these books welcome. It should be remembered, however, that a hasty group of briefly characterized personages, chiefly treated, as a matter of course, in the eulogistic style, is neither biography nor history. It may afford the anecdote and gossip of both; and so far so good.

Julia Kavanagh is a writer of some vigor. She goes in a straightforward way to her work, and shows up her characters, when it is necessary, without mincing the matter on the score of effeminacy. Her portrait of Madame de Chantal, in her new volume, is marked by the strong incidents of her life, and no reader should peruse its record of hospital scenes and post obits who has not a stout stomach as well as a good heart. It is the fashion of the Romish Church to dwell upon such scenes, and Julia Kavanagh gives us an exact reproduction of the record. Madame de Chantal was the grandmother of Madame de Sevigné, and mirth and melancholy were never more strikingly contrasted than in these two personages. Many of the incidents of the life of the saint are very beautiful. They were in antagonism to what we have been accustomed to recognise as the prevalent tone of French female society, but the example was not a single one. Witness, in another example, at the extreme point of contrast, Mary Lecinska, the faithful and pious queen of Louis XV., at the Court of the de Maille, de Chateauroux, and Pompadour. As a harmless trait of mirth, relieving the somewhat uniform pictures of almsgiving and benevolence, we quote an anecdote of this good Queen of a bad Monarch.

## AN INNOCENT UNTRUTH.

"It was one of the favorite maxims of Mary Lecinska, 'That the mercy of kings was to be just, and the justice of queens to be merciful.' She accordingly sacrificed a great portion of the day to the wearying task of giving audiences and receiving petitions. When she had leisure, she amused herself with music, painting, and a little printing-press, with which she printed short and pious treatises for private distribution. One of the weaknesses of this good princess lay in imagining that she could paint. She once undertook four large Chinese pictures, destined to adorn her private drawing-room. The artist who gave her lessons, designed and painted the figures, leaving the draperies to the queen: he held her palette, and handed her the brush with the red, blue, or green color required, repeating constantly: 'A little higher up, madame; a little lower now; to the right, if you please; to the left, madame.' In her absence, he rectified the mistakes his pupil had committed. Yet so confident did the queen feel that those pictures were the result of her own exertions, that she bequeathed them as such to the Maréchal de Mouchy, who caused to be engraved over the door of the apartment where she kept this legacy

\* Women of Christianity, exemplary for acts of Piety and Charity, by Julia Kavanagh, author of Women in France, &c. Appleton & Co.

of her royal mistress: 'The innocent untruth of the good princess.'

Here is an anecdote of a doting but illiterate husband at the Court of Scotland, in the eleventh century, which deserves a place among the curiosities of literature.

## LOVE ME, LOVE MY BOOK.

"In all that she did, queen Margaret obtained and merited the approbation of her husband. From her Malcolm, who, though rough, was naturally inclined to virtue, learned to be just, merciful, almsgiving, and pious. He loved Margaret passionately, despised that which she contemned, and prized whatever she held dear. Though he was himself ignorant and careless of literary knowledge, he liked to see and hold the books in which his more learned wife read and prayed. So precious did he consider whatever her hands had touched, that he would often call in a jeweller, and bid him adorn with gold and gems some favorite volume, which he then carried himself to the queen. If he heard that there was any of these books which she prized more highly than the rest, he, too, liked to have it oftener in his hands, and would kiss it repeatedly. Those men of the middle ages, who now seem so rude and stern, felt sufficiently secure of their own manliness not to exclude simple love and tenderness from their hearts."

The Women of Christianity is a series of portraits, from the mother of Augustine to Hannah More and Caroline Fry. Many of its examples, and many of its most beautiful ones, are from the Romish church and foreign lands. One of the best lessons which it teaches is the universality of the heart and the affections, how woman's tenderness and love are of all tongues and countries, and how one mighty "touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

## NEW YORK PORTRAYED BY PRESIDENT KING.

## [SECOND PAPER.]

WITH the vast and speedy growth, as indicated in our selections from the previous portions of President King's discourse, it is evident that an idea was slowly dawning upon the corporate intellect, that the City Fathers must bestir themselves in behalf of their giant bantling, or else it must soon come to be regarded as a mere foundling and child of chance.

We do not know who it was—what alderman of un-official fancy—who first conceived the idea of a Park! a reserved open space in the city's midst, the play-ground of children, a momentary hermitage to the toil-worn workman plodding homewards, a home for the healthy, idle winds, a resort for poor lovers, and a stopping-place for the everlasting streets—whoever thou wert, whether alderman in the first degree, or only an aspiring assistant!—blessings, a million-fold upon thee!—and for a reward to your memory, President King shall record your praises, as in this example of one most known, central, and felicitous, in every point of its character:

## UNION PARK.

"Next came, in 1833, Union square, made up chiefly of those 'children of necessity,' to which allusion has heretofore been made, fragmentary lots, which, after much trouble and labor on the part of Mr. Ruggles and others, and with the aid of the Legislature, were reduced to the sightly and admirable square, with its wide open area of streets around, which we all now admire. The assessment for lands for this square was \$110,000, and it was imposed upon lots as far as Gramercy park, of which very many belonged

to Mr. Ruggles, who thus contributed largely in money as well as personal exertions to this embellishment of the city. In walking upon one occasion around this square with Rev. Dr. Hawks, Mr. Ruggles was expatiating upon the value, for all time, of such squares in a great city. 'Come what will,' said he, 'our open squares will remain for ever imperishable. Buildings, towers, palaces may moulder and crumble beneath the touch of Time; but space—free, glorious open space—will remain to bless the city for ever!' 'And do you not perceive the reason?' was the prompt return of Dr. Hawks. 'Man makes buildings, but God makes space, thus stamping, as it were, the signet of the Almighty on the labors of Mr. R. to perpetuate to his fellow-citizens, for all time to come, Heaven's boon of free air and open space. Mr. Ruggles also cut through his own property, two wide streets, parallel with, and between, the Third and Fourth avenues, and being allowed by the Corporation to name them, he again avoided the temptation of personal feelings, and called the one Irving place, after our admirable fellow-townsmen, whose gentle and genial humor and fine literary taste and talents have illustrated our city and nation—the other, he named, with the just pride of a New England man, Lexington avenue, after that battle field where the first blood was shed for independence."

With rapid step we follow our Dantean guide around the great circles, one after the other, of city prosperity, one of the vastest of which is the Erie Railroad: then, a new concentric round, the enlargement of the canal; then, in fainter traces, improvements, misfortunes, mere temporary checks or ruts upon the road, three or four baleful figures, as of the true *Inferno* looming upon us as we pass, the yellow fever, the cholera, the great fire—concluding with a rapid glance at all, with a summary of President King's conclusions:

I. At its outset New York numbered some 61,000 people; it now numbers 515,394, without including what properly are its suburbs; Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, and Hoboken. Brooklyn, especially, is such—for the whole number of inhabitants in Brooklyn in 1800 was 3,298. There are now in Brooklyn 96,850, and this growth, it must be perceived at a glance, is due mainly to New York.

II. The exports from this city in 1800 were of the value of about nineteen millions of dollars. Those for the year 1850, of the value of fifty-three millions. The imports for the same year at this port reached the enormous value of a hundred and eleven millions of dollars.

III. The number of licensed cartmen is a good indication of the active business in the city. For 1801 there were 1,000; there are now 3,265. There are, moreover, 935 other cartmen, whose special business under the name of dirt cartmen, it is to transfer the high to the low grounds, to fill in wharves, make new streets, &c. Omnibuses, unknown in the earlier day, but rendered necessary by the stretching out of the City on one narrow line, now run in various directions to the number of 589, performing the distance of three miles each trip, most of them for the moderate price of six cents.

IV. Of Churches and other places of worship, there were, in 1801, thirty-two where now there are two hundred and sixty.

V. Of Public Schools—that is, open to all and at the public expense—there were none then; and now there are some 250, educating annually some 80,000 pupils.



Besides the important topics so well disposed of, there are many, as the author remarks, which lay in his way, and of which he would have gladly spoken. For these, however, we are happy to know that a place is to be provided in another edition of this valuable discourse, when we shall take occasion to re-survey the city, and consider the influences under which it stands, how far they act and react upon each other, and to point out, according to our judgment, by what steps and what direction its highest prosperity and advancement are to be attained. That New York, the great Island Capital of the Continent, bears in its bosom the seeds of a mighty future, destined to affect not only its immediate neighbors and kindred, but the entire family of man, is a belief of ours which is not only worthy to be entertained, but also capable of being enforced so as to command the attention and consideration of every member of its great population.

#### MR. HUDSON'S SHAKESPEARE.\*

MR. HUDSON has one great sympathy with Shakspeare, that of a man living in the nurture and culture of the old Elizabethan writers. His style, in the nineteenth century, has the quaintness, the inversions, and much of the absolute strength of the seventeenth. He writes a commentary upon Shakspeare, which Ben Jonson, "the most poetical brick-layer in all England," might read, and feel himself at home in. For ourselves, we do not dislike Mr. Hudson's antique humor. We have before commended it, and would now set the track of our young readers upon it again; for an indication of the weighty bulion which they will find, though some digging out may be necessary, in the treasure-houses of the old English library.

The third volume of Mr. Hudson's edition of Shakspeare gives us *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*; to all of which the prefaces are well reasoned, careful, and discriminating, entering deeply into the profounder subtleties of character; for an example of which take this reconciliation of the opposites in Catharine's character:

#### PETRUCHIO'S KATHARINE.

"In Kate it was no slight thing to reconcile the demands of truth and of the stage together. For by the design of the piece she was to undergo, at least in appearance, an entire revolution of character in a very short space of time; such a change as could not be supposed to proceed by the methods of growth: so that there was no way but that she must truly be all the while what she at last comes to appear; for it is plain that so great a transformation could not be both natural and real. Accordingly her faults at first are clearly the result of over-indulgence rather than of an ugly and ill-conditioned nature. With a good stock of reason and right feeling, nothing was wanting but a vigorous and resolute hand to discipline them forth into action: by nature proud and wilful, as well-built folks are apt to be, it was for art to bend her will, in which case her pride itself would tend to make her go right; and until this is done she is perverse, froward, and cross, and gets somewhat in a habit of showing her freedom by putting on unamiable traits. Thus her shrewishness is for the most part assumed, yet with others it passes for real, and so gets her a bad name, which she knows she does not deserve, and yet is too proud to remove the occasion thereof. Her worst con-

duct is towards her sister, and that, too, at the very time when she most keenly feels the evils such conduct is drawing upon her. For education has wrought with nature to make her crave the honors and comforts of marriage, and her vexation at the prospect of missing them urges her into greater transports of petulance, and those transports fall heaviest, of course, upon her who has what she desires. In some such way as this a true womanhood often instinctively challenges a taming and subduing hand; thus it dares a conquering power, because it wants to be conquered: there is many a good woman who will not be ruled by her husband, if she can help it, yet will love with all her heart and respect with all her soul the husband that does rule her, provided his government issue from a sterling manhood; that is, if it be because he loves her too well and too wisely to let her have her own way.

"Now all this Katharine has in Petruchio, whom Hazlitt aptly describes as 'a madman in his senses, a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures; acting his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill humor from beginning to end.' His plan is to drive her out of her humor by becoming just like her, only more so. In pursuance of this, the more wild and absurd his statements, the more he insists upon them, and, out of pure love for her, will not let her rest till she assents to them; so that she has no way but to endorse his maddest assertions, and when she does this his end is accomplished, and he ceases to make them. For she must first be taught to set charity before knowledge, love before logic, and that to live at peace with her husband is worth far more than to have the better of him in argument; and with this view he keeps saying things that no woman in her senses would or could admit, but for the sake of such peace. In all which he does but make his will stand for reason, till her will gives place to reason. At first, indeed, she thinks he is what he seems, and accordingly neither loves nor respects him; but when she perceives that he has but put on this character as an offset and antidote to hers; that it proceeds noway from weakness, but from superabundant strength; that he has perfect control over it, and will not be diverted from it, nor beaten out of it, till his work is done; then she begins to rejoice in the match, and to build her heart upon him, willingly yielding herself to the sway of his stout, manly, generous mind."

Now, it is possible that Shakspeare himself might not have said all this in explanation of his play, just as Turner, the artist, is stated to have remarked of Ruskin, that he had found out in his pictures a great deal which he never saw himself; yet it is the very mark of a great work that it is not to be comprehended, in all its parts, by any single mind. Greatness creates perpetually: so Shakspeare expands and grows larger from age to age. In the case of Shakspearian criticism it may be said, with more truth than jest, that the looker-on sees more of the game than the players.

#### BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARIES.

THE deeper Mr. Bohn gets with his popular series into the mine of English and Foreign literature, the richer are the lodes he comes upon. He has just, in his *Antiquarian Library*, struck upon that quaint and admirable old "fantast," as Coleridge called him, Sir Thomas Browne, whose complete works are to come on, in rotation. Here, on our desk, are the issues for a single month, in green, red, and blue, four volumes, a small library

in themselves. We have Lucretius, the philosophical poem "*De Rerum Natura*," in a new literal translation, with the entire poetical translation for a supplement, by John Mason Good. The prose is carefully rendered, with foot notes, critical and explanatory; and is invaluable for the sluggish perception of schoolboys, and the short memories of elder gentlemen, with "little Latin and less Greek." For our own pleasure, apart from the original, as an English book, we prefer Mr. Good's poetry. It is euphuistic, paraphrastic; but it has a luxurious, sensuous flow, which gives us a good mouthful after the chippy constrained literalities of the "cram" which precedes it.

A pleasant subject in the *Illustrated Library*, is a new edition of "*A History and Description of Modern Wines*," by Cyrus Redding. Here you may "cram" too for after dinner conversation till you become quite an oracle on white and red; and you may drink of the vintages of all nations till, with Garagantua, the cork of your shoes swells up half a foot high. Mr. Redding is minute, laborious, and statistical, in his information on European wines, but he is somewhat behindhand with his chapter on America, quoting the Ohio crop of 1811 as his latest date. In a general allusion to our products, he says he has "no means of ascertaining the quality." We recommend his case to Mr. Longworth. We have no doubt that Mr. Bohn would give every facility in practically testing a cask or a hamper; and would, with the author, impartially record the result of his observations in a new edition.

For a graver matter the *Scientific Library* furnishes us Mantell's "*Petrifactions and their Teachings*," a handbook to the gallery of Organic Remains of the British Museum, and thence of the world. It is a local guide, prepared for the Exhibition Year, which should not be overlooked by future travellers.

The *Standard Library* supplies a fourth volume of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of Italy*. It is a valuable companion to Lanzi's *History*, and a book which a man of taste, who has a feeling for art, may see everywhere illuminated by the happiest lights of nature and the imagination. Artists themselves are always presentable people in biography; and their story in Italy is part of the general history of the times.

#### MARKS AND REMARKS.

THE "New Englander," the literary and theological review of New Haven, conducted by the "New England Association," composed of President Wooley, Leonard Bacon, Horace Bushnell, and others, commences next month its tenth year. It is to be hereafter published by Mr. F. W. Northrop, from Maltby's "New Haven Bookstore." A circular from its conductors makes appeal for an increased circulation, remarking that the *Journal* is not conducted with pecuniary advantage to themselves. This, considering the labor expended upon the work, and the ability of its articles, is an unfortunate result, and we believe it is a common one for all the higher periodical literature of the country. We do not hear of any original American review of the first class which is doing much more than pay its publisher's expenses; nay, we suppose, in many instances, the certainty of doing that would be a consolatory fact to the authors engaged in them. The *North American Review*, the veteran quarterly, has, it is gene-

\* The Works of Shakspeare; the text carefully restored, &c. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A.M. Vol. III. Boston and Cambridge: Munroe & Co.

rally understood, never been pecuniarily productive. Its rates of pay are small, one-tenth of the sum frequently paid by its English contemporaries being accounted a fair price for a good article. But even this is a creditable exception to the usual wreck and extinction of American periodicals of its class. That it exists at all, in its fourth decade, is complimentary, under the circumstances, to the love of letters and local feeling of New England. Its contemporary, the *Southern Quarterly Review*, published at Charleston, is edited by Mr. Simms, more, we may presume, as a labor and through a disinterested zeal for good scholarship than from any dependence upon profit. It is a worthy sequel to the very able *Southern Review* of Legaré and his friends, which became extinct just when it had proved to the world how well entitled it was to live. We may say the same of Walsh's *American Quarterly Review*, published at Philadelphia. It was written for by Paulding, Baneroff, Reed; but it died. New York, for a short time, had a *United States Review*, with Bryant and Dana among its writers; it reached two volumes. The *New York Review* accomplished ten, when the public, without a murmur, agreed to dispense with the scholarship and eloquence of Hawks, McVickar, Calvert, Cogswell, and others. There is an able *Church Review* published at Hartford, but its ability will not guarantee its continuance, or it will be more lucky than its brethren. The *Bibliotheca Sacra*, a publication which it is thought worth while to reprint in England, was lately joined to the Biblical Repository, being unable to keep house alone. If we come to the monthlies, the rates of life insurance would be found to be equally high. The air of Boston, with all its belles lettres fragrance, is found too chill to support a single literary periodical of this class, though it once had an excellent *New England Magazine*, and has now a small army of accomplished writers who could sustain half a dozen: but alas! like the great men who lived before Agamemnon, they are silent because they want a sacred (or devoted) publisher. In New York there is a *Whig Review* and a *Democratic*, but they are full of mutations, if not transitory, changing editors, publishers, and contributors, and type itself every now and then. The publisher, and apparently the contributors, of the *Whig*, have in the last number become the publisher and contributors of the *Democratic*, and what the business prospects of the class are may be judged by an earnest, feelingly written expostulation with the public, in the latter, upon the reception of certain Philadelphia magazines, concerning which the following things are written:—

"But, speaking soberly, for what earthly purpose is all this trash written? What motive have publishers in buying it, and what hours can be spared by even the most vacant minds in reading it? Is there no market for sensible and intelligible writing, that men and women must devote themselves to the composition of such ridiculous nonsense? Is it, indeed, true, that periodicals filled with these extravagant perversions of literature shall number each its seventy-five or one hundred thousand subscribers, shall be regularly taken and read year after year by well-informed families, shall be suffered to form the literary taste of our young men, and to a greater extent that of our women; and shall—heaven save the mark!—be puffed by their proprietors, and quoted by the public press, as the 'organs of American intellect,' and the 'exponents of our national taste?' Are we to be

ever insulted by such pretensions, and are our remonstrances to be always silenced by the overwhelming arguments furnished by press notices and mammoth subscription lists? Is there no prospect that anything better can succeed in finding readers, or in maintaining a creditable existence by the side of these unworthy periodicals? Are we to believe that these magazines will never be called on to reform; that diminishing subscription lists will never be a cause of frightening them into propriety; that good authors will never contribute to their pages but from the sheer necessity of selling their manuscripts somewhere; and shall always mention with a blush the companionship into which they thus find themselves thrown; and that, through their instrumentality, a host of bad writers will never cease parading themselves before the public, pocketing both their praise and their money to the exclusion of more deserving men, whose only fault lies in the possession of good sense and in the lack of men's assurance?

"We own that we are speaking strongly—perhaps too strongly—on a subject which many of our readers will be disposed to regard as insignificant, and unworthy of serious consideration. But between pirated magazines on the one hand, and the Philadelphia magazines on the other, our periodicals of a more sensible and masculine stamp are in danger of going down altogether. It appears as if the majority of readers had no time for anything besides the lightest of stories or sketches. *Labored and more valuable articles are pronounced tedious, and find no market with publishers, and no favor with the public.* And it unfortunately happens that with very many of those whose literary appetites are masculine and sound, the reputation of these noisy monthlies extends to all our American periodicals, and thus precludes the more deserving from coming within the reach of that attention, which if once obtained, they might reasonably expect would be continued. *Nor is it a relieving feature of the case, that nothing in the shape of an American magazine can hope to succeed without being profusely and gaudily embellished;* without it can boast in every number of two or three steel engravings, a fashion plate or two, and an infinite number of wood cuts."

This seems to go upon the presumption that the Philadelphia magazines, such as they are, are well paid: but they evidently wear a hectic flush in their tinted, washy engravings, wanting the real substance of art and literature, and so may be said to be in a highly precarious condition of health. The *International* and *Harpers' Magazine*, the latter particularly, have a large circulation; but can we predict permanent prosperity to a collection of literature, however meritorious, and from the best pens of France and England, which is dependent for its fortunes upon being bound up with a fashion plate? Upon this point says further the article in the *Democratic*:—

"This feature of embellishments, especially as displayed in the Philadelphia monthlies, is as ludicrous as it is mortifying to our notions of what is fit and proper. No one, of course, ever finds fault with well-executed engravings of suitable subjects, whether they are portraits, landscapes, or the suggestions of a well-ordered fancy. Nor are we prepared to say that such embellishments would be out of place in the majority of periodicals, although they should always be very sparingly employed. At all events, wherever they are used they should be executed in the very best style, and should harmonize with the text which they accompany. Nothing else, we submit, can be tolerated. As for fashion plates, when bound between the covers of a periodical, they are simply ridiculous.

The man has yet to live who shall discover the connexion between fashion and literature. If the publisher of a periodical finds it necessary to acquaint his lady readers with the style of a new head-dress, or with some recent and important discovery in the art of tying a ribbon, good taste would not prohibit him from printing his information on a separate sheet, with suitable illustrations, and including it in the same wrapper with his magazine. But we leave it with our reader to determine, if a fashion plate is not always an obnoxious intruder among the leaves of a periodical; and if his ideas of harmony and fitness do not always receive a severe shock when he encounters upon the next page to some pleasing literary effort—and pleasing literary efforts are sometimes found in company with fashion plates—the stiff, doll-eyed wooden figures of the latest mode, bringing him down at once from any higher emotions to which he may have been raised, to the contemplation of such ineffable trifles as accompany descriptions of cape, corset, or petticoat!"

Of certain ameliorations and remedies of the present system we may have something to say on another occasion.

In the meantime the *Democratic*, with Mr. Holley for publisher, in enlarging its type, has increased its spirit, and talks louder as well as looks bigger. We have some old sympathies with it, and wish it now renewed success.

*Harpers' Magazine* for the new month is bountifully supplied with Dickens, Bulwer, and other choice celebrities, and the *International* is full of life and novelty, with Hawthorne, a tale of a man of straw, which promises well for the continuation, A. Oakley Hall, with *Reminiscences of Judge Story*, and a capital chapter of the forthcoming book of Arsène Houssaye, the *Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century*, in a brilliant sketch of the Camargo.

An important personage of the London Press is "our own correspondent." The American press is beginning to recognise such a being, and the public to discriminate between his responsible assertions and the miscellaneous brood of casual anonymous writers. The natural resource of a well founded newspaper enterprise is the engagement of a writer in every leading city, who is, in a measure, an editor of the journal for that spot; so that a well appointed daily newspaper has a vital, contemporary, local existence throughout the world. These are some of the spiritings of this universal "correspondent," in a recent sketch of the *Spectator*:—

"There never was such a plague! Puck misleading Demetrius and Lysander, or clapping an ass's head upon Bottom, did not distract and worry his victims half so much as 'our own correspondent' vexes the Monarchs of Europe by his unceremonious comments on their conduct, or his Marplot revelations of their schemes and strategy. He follows the camp, and lets the enemy into the secrets of intended movements and combinations; he haunts the exchange, and explains the manoeuvres by which public funds are made to appear in request; he speaks his mind about the highest personages with a blunt plainness of language that is quite provoking. Kings and potentates cannot attend to their business for hearkening after the speeches of this curious impertinent. Then, he is as impalpable as he is omnipresent. His voice is, as Trinculo said of Ariel's song, 'a tune played by the picture of nobody.' He is the very Rübezahl of German legends—close at your elbow when you are least thinking of him, and invisible the moment you attempt



to strike him. He is everywhere and nowhere. Now he appears in the shape of a quiet literary gentleman, living at his ease, giving and receiving good dinners in Paris. Again he is seen, in a coat of undeniably London fashion, with an umbrella in one hand and a carpet-bag in the other, scrambling along on foot over the debatable land between the Austrian and the Magyar; or he presents himself, mounted on a high-spirited charger, by the side of Dembinski. But all attempts to lay hold of and silence this mysterious entity are unavailing. The man with the umbrella and carpet-bag may be seized and sent across the western frontier of Austria, but in the course of a few weeks he voluntarily presents himself at the head of the police-office in Vienna, having just arrived from the east. Were the accomplished giver and receiver of dinners at Paris shipped on board the Boulogne steam-boat to-morrow, the lucubrations of 'our own correspondent' would not one day cease to make their appearance in the accustomed columns. 'Our own correspondent' has a magical power of multiplying himself indefinitely, and eluding the grasp of pursuers. The 'own correspondents' of the English press resemble nothing so much as the viewless voices which, we are told in the Arabian tale, beset the adventurers in search of the golden water, the singing tree, and talking bird, when they began to ascend the mountain at the top of which those rarities were. His incessant clack—his more than ventriloquist power over his voice—deafens and bewilders his victims and turns them to stone. The late razzias of the Austrian, Prussian, and French Governments against this wayward and inscrutable being are utterly unavailing.

'As easy may they the intrenchant air  
With their keen swords impress, as make him bleed.'

"From the commencement of the Peninsular war to the taking of Paris, not all the power and efforts of Napoleon, with all the Governments and armies of the continent at his command, could prevent the late Mr. Walter from receiving early and authentic information before the Government, and even when the Government could not obtain it. And so will it be in future. So long as there is a public willing to pay for news, and a country where men are free to print news, so long will the publisher of news find his 'own correspondents' in plenty. Suppress the professional journalist, and a thousand irregular volunteers are ready to supply his place. Every man who has a grievance to complain of, or a good deed or clever invention to make known, or a commercial or stock-jobbing enterprise to promote by throwing light upon the state of markets, can be turned to account. The successful soldier wishes the journalist to blow his trumpet; the unsuccessful soldier has recourse to him to explain by what machinations or misadventures he has been thwarted. Nay, the very courts, ministers, and sovereigns, who vow that 'our own correspondent' is the plague of their life, are ready enough to assume his character when they think there is anything to be gained by it. 'Our own correspondent' is everybody, and to stop everybody's mouth is no easy matter. Seriously, as be seems the time—to banish or silence the avowed professional correspondent of the English newspaper is the most unwise thing any Government can do. The proprietors of English newspapers know that their success

depends upon the quality of their news; and they therefore employ as their regular foreign correspondents men of intelligence, education, and veracity. These gentlemen know that the permanence of their employment depends upon the truthfulness and accuracy of their reports. While they hold the pen the news published in the English journals will be substantially true and impartial; but when these journals are obliged to depend upon occasional and imperfectly known correspondents, unchecked by any fear of losing a permanent appointment, there will be less security against their being made channels of misrepresentation. The professional correspondent is dangerous only to the bad; the occasional correspondent is dangerous to all. Where 'our own correspondent' cannot be shut out, it is better he should be known and responsible. He has already established a footing in every country except Russia, China, and the wilds of Tartary, and he cannot much longer be kept out of them."

A graceful compliment, which appears to have come off handsomely all round, has just been paid, in recognition of her "Concordance to Shakspeare," to Mrs. Cowden Clarke, the authoress,—for the extent of the labor of love in the compilation, not less than her other original Shakspearian books, entitle her to the credit of something more than industry in the matter—in the presentation of a handsomely-carved chair, by a number of American ladies and gentlemen, through the hands of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, in London. Mr. Balmanno, of Brooklyn, was the projector of this courtesy, which he has carried through with "Highland honors." Daniel Webster was a subscriber, with a complimentary letter, in which he says, Mrs. Clarke "has treasured up every word of Shakspeare as if he were her lover, and she were his." Not the least significant of the proceedings, minutely chronicled in the *Whig Review* for the present month, was the free transportation of the gift by Mr. Collins, in one of the steamers of his line, and then by a mercantile house in Liverpool to London.

Our versatile correspondent, P. P., drops in upon us with this pungent dramaticle, devoted to the history of a certain late eminent trio, who have, within a few weeks past, dissolved partnership and taken down the sign:

### *Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité.*

AN EPIGRAMMATIC EPIC.

A French Triad, with Prologue and Epilogue.

#### PROLOGUE.

The flag of France, these magic words, does it translate I wonder,

Liberté in its own blood-red,  
Egalité all pale and dead,  
Fraternité blue as thunder!

#### *Liberté (lost).*

France thought it best to take a Nap, but did not take it weasel-y,  
So Bony caught her napping, and boned her freedom easily.

#### *Egal-ité.*

And so he has not seized the crown, well, if he hasn't, zounds!  
He's got the eagles, and you know an eagle's worth ten crowns.

#### *Fraternité (with their relations).*

Brummagem Bony's got the votes, the reason why d'ye see,  
It comes so easy for the pigs when cornered to cry out.

#### EPILOGUE.

#### *Fraternité.*

An ass once stole a lion's skin, and cut up divers capers,  
But when they found John Donkey out, the poor rogue got his papers.

Our correspondents a few weeks since were discussing William Aytoun and his claims to literary celebrity, and getting up a mystification of the authorship of the "Bon Gualtier Ballads," and the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." One of them asked the question, Who is W. Aytoun? A chance page of a new work jointly publishing by Bogue of London and Redfield in this city, enables us to throw a little additional light on the subject. Aytoun, it appears, is in the legitimate succession of the editorship of Blackwood, being son-in-law of Christopher North. The book from which we gather this is to be entitled "Men of the Times in 1852," a biographical and descriptive account of all the contemporary notabilities of whatever sort,—Kings, Presidents, Clergymen, Litterateurs, Men of Science, &c., a capital idea likely to stand for an annual Almanac. This is its account: "Aytoun, William, Author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' is a member of the Edinburgh bar, but has never, we believe, devoted himself to any extent to the severer duties of his profession. He has long, however, been one of the standing wits of the Parliament House, as the law courts of Edinburgh are locally denominated. Some five or six years ago he succeeded Mr. Moir as Professor of Literature and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, where his lectures—full of pith, energy, and distinguished by fine literary taste—were in great vogue. Professor Aytoun has been for some years one of the chief contributors to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and few numbers appear from which his hand is absent. At the time of the railway mania he flung off a series of papers,—the first entitled, 'How we got up the Glen Mutchkin Railway,' descriptive of the doings in the Chapel Court of Edinburgh and Glasgow; papers which for broad, vigorous humor, and felicitous setting forth of genuine Scotch character, are almost unrivalled. Under the *nom de guerre* of Augustus Dunshunner—then first adopted—the professor frequently contributes pieces of off-hand criticism on books and men to 'Blackwood,' taking especial delight in showing up what he conceives to be the weak points of the Manchester school; and, humorous though the general tone of the papers be, hesitates not to dash headlong at piles of statistics intended to prop up the fallen cause of protection. Mr. Aytoun's politics, as may be inferred from his sole work published in an independent form, the 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' are high Tory, or, rather, they amount to a sort of poetic and theoretical Jacobitism, which finds vent in enthusiastic laudation of the Marquis of Montrose and the Viscount Dundee, as models of Scottish heroes. The ballads in question are strongly tinged by deep national feeling, and remind the reader of Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome;' and, from the more picturesque nature of the subject, are, perhaps, even still more highly colored. 'Edinburgh after Flodden,' the 'Death of Montrose,' and the 'Battle of Killierankie,' are strains which Scotchmen will not willingly let die. Professor Aytoun married, about three years ago, one of the daughters of another professor, whose

place in 'Blackwood's Magazine' he seems likely to fill—Professor Wilson, otherwise Christopher North.

Judge William Kent, we are happy to learn from a memorandum in the *North American Review*, has in preparation a Memoir of his father, the eminent jurist, Chancellor Kent.

Mr. Francis Parkman, whose History of Pontiac has been so warmly received on both sides of the Atlantic, is engaged upon a new historical work upon French Discovery and Settlement in Canada and Acadia, for which, it is understood, he has new and copious material.

BLUCHER AT THE RHINE.  
FROM THE GERMAN OF KOPISCH.

THE army halted at the Rhine:  
Now shall we go  
To France, or no?  
The question ran along the line;  
Then out and spake old Blücher: "Ho!  
Bring me the map (says he)—I'll show,  
'Tis not so hard through France to go.  
Where stands the foe?" "The foe! Why,  
there!"

"Your finger on it!—we'll take care  
Of him! Where's Paris?" "Paris!—here!"  
"Mark that! 'tis ours! oh, never fear!  
Now throw your bridges o'er the Rhine,  
The Champagne wine,  
I do suppose,  
Will taste the sweetest where it grows!"

C. T. B.

THE RIVER.\*  
A SEQUEL TO "THE HILL."  
By the Author of "Life."

THE river flows, the river glows,  
It glints and glows beneath the sun;  
Through frowning rocks the waters run—  
Through crags resounding with their blows.

There ripples and the thunderous sound,  
There shadows and the glinting smile,  
Bright innocence and sinful guile,  
The reflex and the quick rebound,

Have marked the chance and change of life  
Along the changeful stream that ran  
And bore a boat with freight of man  
In changing fortunes through the strife.

And ever shone a steady gleam  
Between the shadows deep and wide  
That cast themselves from either side  
To thread the channel of the stream.

But often from that path of light  
The man would steer his little bark  
To where in shadows deep and dark  
Yawned cavernous the jaws of Night.

And when the shades that girt him round  
Struck terror to his guilty soul  
His fearful glance in sorrow stole  
Towards the gleam of Light beyond.

The light seemed pouring from Above—  
It gave him strength, it nerved his arm  
To speed his bark away from harm—  
It seemed a glance benign of Love.

\* NOTE TO EDs.:

The design of this sequel to "The Hill" (*Lit. World* Nov. 3, 1891, No. 249) is as follows. The earthly parent having, as represented in that poem, derived a consciousness of a Heavenly Father's existence, becomes conscious of a sentiment of trust in the care and affectionate goodness of that Heavenly Father. He is aware of an ever-present hope that assures him, and, in all his errings, consoles him with the sense of a guarding and guiding care, mingled with an affectionate spirit of forgiveness dwelling in the nature of that Heavenly Father. A care and spirit which that ever-present hope and faith tell him will ever be extended over him in weighing his misdeeds, tenderly tempering justice with parental affection. This hope and faith inspire him with a sense of what is his duty towards his child. The duty of kindness, forbearance, forgiveness—the duty of saying in the words of Christ to the repentant criminal sinner—"go, and sin no more."

D. F. B.

Dec. 6, 1891.

It seemed to signal, guard, and guide;  
A tender care, a radiant gift  
That led him through the crooked rift  
When from the channel straying wide.

While floating down the track of light  
A shallow by a cherub manned,  
By golden Hours and Graces fanned,  
Comes floating to a father's sight.

The river flows, the river glows,  
It glints and glows beneath the sun;  
Through frowning rocks the waters run—  
Through crags resounding with their blows.

A boat and man are on the way,  
A youth and shallop on the tide,—  
This often quits the other's side,  
Exploring edgy bank and bay.

Where fevers heat the fetid airs;  
Where flowers with gay carnation dyes  
Are wildly flaunting 'fore his eyes;  
Where reptiles crawl in loathsome pairs;

And Satyrs reel in drunken mime;  
Where heavy in a verdure rank  
The fetid airs hang foul and dank  
The shallop's sticking in the slime.

"Away!" will Father-child exclaim!  
"No pilot I for such as thou  
That will not to a parent bow—  
Thou criminal of blackened name!"

Ah no! he sees the tender gleam  
That constant through the rugged rifts  
Hath showered undeserved gifts—  
A pilot to the sunny stream.

He feels it on his furrowed brow,  
He feels it in his sorrowing heart,  
He knows it never will depart—  
It ever shone for him as now.

Far o'er the stream a line is cast.  
"Oh! take it, child," the father cries,  
"The past is hidden from my eyes,  
The shallop to the boat make fast."

Again, again the line is cast,—  
"Oh! take it, child!" again he cries,  
"With me redemption never dies,"—  
The shallop's prow is turned at last.

The tender light is on his soul—  
The light his FATHER ever smiled;  
And over it the Father-child  
Forbids oblivion's clouds to roll.

Forgiveness then, and love before  
All else the Father-child declares:  
And only *this* forbearance dares—  
"My child, oh! 'go and sin no more.'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

AZTEC PIGMIES—THEORIES OF CAUDATION—  
CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF LORD MONBODDO.

Mr. Editor:—

SINCE you pronounce so decidedly against the Aztec children being of a new race of pigmies, in spite of the whole concurrent testimony to the fact of the New York Press, from the sixpenny *Courier* to the penny *Sun*, and, in spite of the explicit statements of the knowing gentlemen who exhibit them, and who ought to know—since with such an array of unquestionably disinterested witnesses against you, and with nothing but science on your side, you should venture to pronounce the Aztec children merely a "pair of common dwarfs," I am not surprised that you should speak dubiously of the existence of the Niam Niams, the people of Central Africa with tails, about whom the learned heads of the *Société de Géographie* of Paris are just now perplexing themselves.

You will concede, doubtless, Mr. Editor, the general proposition that birds have wings, cats have tails, and men have no tails; but you are not, perhaps, aware, Mr. Editor, that there are birds *without* wings, cats *without* tails, and you will perhaps grant that it is not a very illogical inference that there may be men *with* tails. There is a variety of cats peculiar to the Isle of Man, well known to naturalists, that have no tails. A friend of mine, a distinguished naturalist, had such a cat, which died, I believe, of a surfeit; and he has now the skeleton in his museum, and it has no more tail than I suppose you have, Mr. Editor. The Apteryx of New Holland, which is just now the wonder of the cockney sight-seers at the Zoological Gardens, and a stuffed specimen of which is one of the rarities of that rarest collection of birds in the world, belonging to the National Academy of Philadelphia, is an example of a bird without wings.

Lord Monboddoo, you are aware, was the propounder of a theory of caudation; he held that men had originally tails, and that in the progress of civilization, as the custom of sitting down was introduced, the tails were worn off, and mankind became tailless; and that the peculiarity was transmitted to posterity. I will leave it to your scientific correspondents, and the members of the Ethnological Society, to speculate upon the probable effect of an earlier introduction of Voltaire's, easy chairs, Boston rockers, and stuffed cushions, upon the time-worn ancestral privilege of the tail. In my opinion, the privilege—not the tail—Mr. Editor, might have extended to our day, under the fostering influence of spring seats and hair cushions. But be this as it may, Lord Monboddoo unquestionably believed that our progenitors had tails, and that they had been worn off by constant sitting; and the rudimentary tail that all scientific anatomists recognise in the *os coccygis* at the lowest extremity of the back-bone, seems to confirm his lordship's theory. His lordship, moreover, held that the ancestral tail might be reproduced by keeping up a gentle irritation—a passive inflammation which physiologists held to be the agent of growth—at the end of the back-bone, where men have *not*, but *ought* to have a tail, Mr. Editor. Lord Monboddoo tested his theory by experiment, and, according to a tradition current in the learned circles of Edinburgh, his lordship might have been seen, something less than a century ago, every morning, for many years, rain or shine, leaping about on all-fours, with his footman administering to him, with his foot, a rapid succession of impulses *a tergo*. Lord Monboddoo was confident of a successful result, and there is no doubt that the desired irritation was experienced; but the final object, the prospective tail, was untimely cut short by the premature death of his lordship, at 80 years of age, I believe. His death was supposed to have been in consequence of a quarrel with his footman. Yellow-plush had been threatened with a discharge, which he took in high dudgeon, and on the first occasion afterwards on the repetition of his master's experiment, he urged the *a posteriori* argument with all the force of his highly developed calves; in a word, with malice aforethought, and forgetful of the claims of science: *non tali auxilio, &c.*: he gave his lordship not a gently irritating, but a highly inflammatory, kick. Lord Monboddoo, in



consequence, never being able to sit up again, took to his bed and died, a martyr to science, entailing upon those who survived him not a caudal extremity, Mr. Editor, but a profound regret for the death of so distinguished a philosopher, and for the arrested development of so important an investigation.

Yours, &c.,  
HOMO NON CAUDATUS.

#### HOME SKETCHES, OR

#### LIFE ALONG THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE SOUTH.

By the author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers,"  
"Richard Hurdle," Katharine Walton, &c.

#### IV.

*Ancient Settlements along the Ashley.—The Cooper.—Izard's Camp.—Game.—Superstitions.—Ephraim Bartlett, the Edisto Raftsmen.—Bram.—The Haunted House.—The Spectre Hunt.*

I RESUME my narrative. In my last, we had just hurried across the common road, once greatly travelled, leading along the Ashley, to the ancient village of Dorchester. Something was said of the fine old plantations along this river. It was the aristocratic region during the Revolution; and when the Virginians and Marylanders, at the close of the war, who had come to the succor of Carolina against the British, drew nigh to Charleston, their hearts were won and their eyes ravished, by the hospitalities and sweets of this neighborhood. Many brave fellows found their wives along this river, which was bordered by flourishing farms and plantations, and crowned by equal luxury and refinement. Here, too, dwelt many of those high-spirited and noble dames whose courage and patriotism contributed so largely to furnish that glorious chapter in Revolutionary history, which has been given to the women of that period. The scene is sadly changed at this season. The plantations along the Ashley are no longer flourishing as then. The land has fallen in value, not exhausted, but no longer fertile and populous. The health of the country is alleged to be no longer what it was. This I regard as all absurdity. The truth is that the cultivation was always inferior; and the first fertile freshness of the soil being exhausted, the opening of new lands in other regions naturally diverted a restless people from their old abodes. The river is still a broad and beautiful one, navigable for steamers and schooners up to Dorchester, which, by land, is twenty-one miles from Charleston. There is abundant means for restoring its fertility. Vast beds of marl, of the best quality, skirt the river all along the route, and there is still a forest growth sufficiently dense to afford the vegetable material necessary to the preparation of compost. As for the health of the neighborhood, I have no sort of question, that, with a dense population, addressed to farming, and adequate to a proper drainage, it would prove quite as salubrious as any portion of the country. Staple culture has been always the curse of Carolina. It has prevented thorough tillage, without which no country can ever ascertain its own resources, or be sure of its health at any time.

Cooper river, on the right, is at a greater distance from us. This, too, was a prosperous and well cultivated region in the Revolution. In a considerable degree it still remains so, and is distinguished by flourishing

country seats, which their owners only occupy during spring and winter. The cultivation is chiefly rice, and the rice plantation is notoriously and fatally sickly, except among the negroes. They flourish in a climate which is death to the European. But of this river hereafter. I may persuade you, in future pages, to a special journey in this quarter, when our details and descriptions may be more specific. Between the two rivers the country is full of interest and full of game, to those who can delay to hunt for it. He who runs over the railroad only, sees nothing and can form no conception of it. A few miles further, on the right, there is a stately relic of the old British parochial establishment, a church edifice dedicated to St. James, which modern veneration has lately restored with becoming art, and reawakened with proper rituals. Built of brick, with a richly painted interior and tesselated aisles, surrounded by patriarchal oaks, and a numerous tenantry of dead in solemn tomb and ivy-mantled monument, you almost fancy yourself in the midst of an antiquity which mocks the finger of the historian. In this neighborhood flourished a goodly population. Large estates and great wealth were associated with equally large refinement and a liberal hospitality, and the land was marked by peculiar fertility. The fertility is not wanting now, but the population is gone—influenced by similar considerations with those which stripped the sister river of its thousands.

Until late years, the game was abundant in this region. The swamps which girdled the rivers afforded a sure refuge, and the deer stole forth to the ridges between, to browse at midnight, seeking refuge in the swamps by day. We have just darted through an extensive tract named Izard's camp, which used to be famous hunting-ground for the city sportsmen. Twenty years ago I have cracked away at a group of deer, myself, in these forest pastures, and even now you may rouse the hunt profitably in the ancient ranges. There are a few sportsmen who still know where to seek with certainty for the buck at the proper season. The woods, though mostly pine, have large tracts of oak and hickory. The scrubby oak denotes a light sandy soil, of small tenacity, and, most usually, old fields which have been abandoned. Along the smaller water-courses, the creeks and branches, long strips of fertile territory may be had; and the higher swamp lands only need drainage to afford tracts of inexhaustible fertility, equal to any Mississippi bottom. The introduction of farming culture will find these and reclaim them, and restore the poorer regions.

A thousand stories of the Revolution, peculiar to this country, would reward the seeker. Nor is it wanting in other sources of interest. Traditions are abundant which belong more to the spiritual nature of the people than their national history. The poorer classes in the low country of the South were full of superstition. Poverty, for that matter, usually is so, but more particularly when it dwells in a region which is distinguished by any natural peculiarities. Thus the highlands of Scotland cherish a faith in spectral forms that rise in the mist and vapor of the mountain; and the Brownie is but the grim accompaniment of a life, that, lacking somewhat in human association, must seek its companions among the spirit-

ual; and these must derive their aspects from the gloomy fortunes of the seeker. The Banshee of Ireland is but the finally speaking monitor of a fate that has always more or less threatened the fortunes of the declining family; and the Norwegian hunting demons are such as are equally evoked by the sports which he pursues and the necessities by which he is pursued himself. In the wild, deep, dark, and tangled masses of a Carolina swamp region, where, even by daylight, mystic shadows harbor and walk capriciously with every change of the always doubtful sunlight, the mind sees and seeks a spiritual presence, which, though it may sometimes oppress, always affords company. Here, solitude, which is the source of the spiritual and contemplative, is always to be found; and forces herself—certainly at one season of the year—upon the scattered forrester and farmer. The man who lives by pursuit of the game, the deer or turkey, will be apt to conjure up, in the silent, dim avenues through which he wanders, some companion for his thought, which will, in time, become a presence to his eye; and, in the secluded toils of the farmer, on the borders of swamp and forest, he will occasionally find himself disturbed by a visitor or spectator which his own loneliness of life has extorted from his imagination, which has shaped it to a becoming aspect with the scene and climate under which he dwells. Many of these wild walkers of the wood are supposed to have been gods and spirits of the Indian tribes, who have also left startling memories behind them; and though reluctant to confess his superstitions—for the white hunter and forester dread ridicule more than anything beside—yet a proper investigation might find treasures of superstition and grim tradition among our people of this region, such as would not discredit any of the inventions of imagination.

One of these traditions occurs to me at this moment, the scene of which is at hand but a short distance from us, but not visible from the railroad. Here is not only a haunted house, but a haunted tract of forest. The tale was told me many years ago, as derived from the narrative of a raftsmen of the Edisto. The Edisto, of which we may speak hereafter, is the great lumber river of South Carolina. Its extent is considerable, penetrating several district divisions of the State, and upon its two great arms or arteries, and its tributary creeks or branches, it owns perhaps no less than one hundred and fifty mills for sawing lumber. It supplies Charleston, by a sinuous route, almost wholly; and large shipments of its timber are made to the island of Cuba, to Virginia, and recently to New York, and other places. Its navigation is difficult, and, as it approaches the sea, somewhat perilous. Many of its rafts have been driven out to sea and lost, with all on board. It requires, accordingly, an experienced pilot to thread its intricacies, and such an one was Ephraim Bartlett, a worthy fellow, who has passed pretty much out of the memories of the present generation.

Ephraim was a good pilot of the Edisto, one of the best; but he had an unfortunate faith in whiskey, which greatly impaired his standing in society. It did not injure his reputation, however, as a pilot; since it was well known that Ephraim never drank on the voyage, but only on the return; and as this was invariably by land, no evil could accrue from his bad habit to anybody but

himself. He rewarded himself for his abstinence on the river, by free indulgence when on shore. His intervals of leisure were given up wholly to his potations; and between the sale of one fleet of rafts, and the preparation for the market of another, Ephraim, I am sorry to say, was a case which would have staggered the temperance societies. But the signal once given by his employers, he would shake himself free from the evil spirit, by a plunge into the river. Purification followed—his head was soon as clear for business as ever; and, wound about with a bandanna handkerchief of flaming spot in place of a hat, it would be seen conspicuous on the raft, making for the city. With cheerful song and cry he made his way down, pole in hand, to ward off the overhanging branches of the trees, or to force aside the obstructions. Accompanied by a single negro, still remembered by many as old 'Bram Geiger, his course was usually prosperous. His lumber usually found the best market, and Ephraim and Bram, laying in their little supplies in Charleston, with a sack over their shoulders, and staff or gun in hand, would set out from the city on their return to Lexington, the district of country from which they descended. On these occasions, Ephraim never forgot his jug. This was taken with him empty on the raft, but returned filled, upon his or Bram's shoulders. They took turns in carrying it, concealing it from too officious observers by securing it in one end of the sack. In the other might be found a few clothes, and a fair supply of tobacco.

On the particular occasion when Ephraim discovered for himself that the ancient house and tract were haunted, it happened that he left the city about mid-day. It was Saturday, at twelve or one o'clock, according to his account, when they set out, laden as usual. They reached the house, which was probably twelve or thirteen miles from town, long before sundown; and might have stretched away a few miles farther, but for a cramp in the stomach, which seized upon Old 'Bram. Ephraim at once had resort to his jug, and a strong noggin was prepared for the relief of the suffering negro. At the same time, as Bram swore that he must die, that nothing could possibly save him under such sufferings as he experienced, Ephraim concluded to take lodgings temporarily in the old house, which happened to be within a few hundred yards of the spot, and to lie by for the rest of the day. The building was of brick, two stories in height, but utterly out of repair—doors and windows gone, floors destroyed, and the entire fabric within quite dismantled. It was a long time before Bram was relieved from his suffering and fright. Repeated doses of the potent beverage were necessary to a cure; and, by the time this was effected, the old fellow was asleep. In the meantime, Ephraim had built a rousing fire in the old chimney; had gathered *lightwood* (resinous pine) sufficient to keep up the fire all night; had covered the old negro with his own blanket, which he bore strapped beneath the sack upon his shoulders; and had opened his wallet of dried meat and city bread for his supper. Meanwhile, the fumes of the whiskey had ascended gratefully to his own nostrils; and it seemed only reasonable that he should indulge himself with a dram, having bestowed no less than three upon his companion. He drank accordingly, and as

he had no coffee to his supper, he employed the whiskey, which he thought by no means a bad substitute. He may have swallowed three several doses in emulation of Bram, and in anticipation of a similar attack, before he had quite finished supper. He admits that he certainly drank again when his meal was ended, by way of washing down the fragments. Bram, meanwhile, with the blazing fire at his feet, continued to sleep on very comfortably. When Ephraim got to sleep is not so certain. He admits that he was kept awake till a late hour by the fumes of the whiskey, and by strange noises that reached him from the forest. He recalled to memory the bad character of the dwelling and neighborhood as haunted; and is not so sure, but thinks it possible that this recollection prompted him to take another draught, a stirrup cup, as it were, before yielding himself to sleep. But he denies that he was in any way affected by the whiskey. To use his own language, he had none of the "how-come-you-so" sensation upon him, but insists that he said his prayers, rationally, like any other Christian, put on several fresh brands upon the fire, and sank into the most sober of all mortal slumbers.

I am the more particular in stating these details, since a question has been made in regard to them. Bram had his story also. He admits that he was sick, and physicked as described—that Ephraim had gathered the fuel, made the fire, and covered him with his blanket, while he slept—but he alleges that he awoke at midnight, when Ephraim himself was asleep, and being still a little distressed in the abdominal region, he proceeded to help himself out of the jug, without disturbing the repose of his comrade; and he affirms, on his honesty, that he then found the jug fully half emptied, which had been quite full when he left the city; and he insisted that, in giving him his several doses, Ephraim had always been very careful not to make them over strong. Bram admits that, when he had occasion to help himself, as the attack was still threatening, he preferred to take an over dose rather than peril his safety by mincing the matter. It is very certain, from the united testimonies of the two, the whiskey had, one half of it, most unaccountably disappeared before the night was half over. I must suffer Ephraim to tell the rest of the story for himself, and assert his own argument.

"Well, now, you see, my friends," telling his story to a group, "as I said afore, it was mighty late that night afore I shat my eyes. I reckon twarn't far from day-peep when I slipped off into a hearty sleep, and then I slept like a cat after a supper. Don't you be thinking now 'twas owing to the whiskey that I was wakeful, or that I slept so sound at last. 'Bram's troubles in the stomach made me oneasy, and them strange noises in the woods helped the matter."

"But what were the noises like, Ephraim?"

"Oh! like a'most anything and every thing. Horns a-blowing, horses a-snorting, cats a-crying, and then sich a rushing and a trampling of four-footed beasts, that I could 'a-swore it was a fox hunt for all the world. But it warn't that! No! 'Twas a hunt agin natur'. The hounds, and horses, and horns that made that racket, warn't belonging to this world. I felt suspicious about it then, and I reckon I knows it now, if such a matter ever is to be made known. Well, as I

was a-saying, I got to sleep at last near upon day-light. How long I did sleep there's no telling. 'Twas mighty late when I waked, and then the noise was in my ears again. I raised myself on end, and sat up in my blanket. The fire was gone out clean, and I was a little coldish. 'Bram, the nigger, had seruged himself into the very ashes, and had quite kivered up his head in the blanket. How he drewed his breath there's no telling, since the tip of his nose warn't to be seen nowhere. Says I, 'Bram, do you hear them noises?' But never a word did he answer. Says I, to myself, 'the nigger's smothered.' So I on-wrapt him mighty quick, and heard him grunt. Then I know'd there was no harm done. The nigger was only drunk.

'Nebber been drunk dat time,' was the usual interruption of 'Bram, whenever he was present at the narration.

'Bram, you was most certainly drunk, sense I tried my best to waken you, and couldn't get you up.'

'Ha! da's 'cause I bin want for sleep, so I nebber consent for ye'r (hear). I bin ye'r berry well all de time; but a man wha's bin trouble wid 'fliction in the stomach all night, mus' hab he sleep out in de morning. I bin ye'r well enough, I tell you.'

'You old rascal, if I had thought so, I'd ha' chunk'd you with a lightwood knot!—but the nigger was asleep, my friends, in a regular drunk sleep, if ever he was; for when I hearn the noises coming nigh—the hounds and the horses—I drewed him away from the ashes by the legs, and laid him close up agin' the wall t'other side of the fire-place, and pretty much out of sight. I kivered him snug with the blanket, and let him take his sleep out, though I was beginning to be more and more jub'ous about them noises. You see, 'twas the regular noises of a deer-hunt. I could hear the drivers beating about in the thick; then the shout; then the dogs, yelping out whenever they struck upon the trail; I know'd when they nosed the cold trail, and when the scent got warm; and then I heerd the regular rush, when the deer was started, all the dogs in full blast, and making the merriest music. Then I heerd the crack of the gun—first one gun, then another, then another, and another, a matter of four shots—and I felt sure they must ha' got the meat. The horns sounded; the dogs were stopped, and, for a little while, nothing but silence. Oh! I felt awful all over, and monstrous jub'ous of something strange!"

"But why should you feel awful, and what should there be so strange about a deer-hunt near Izard's Camp—a place where you may start deer even at this day?"

"Why, 'twas Sunday, you see, and nobody now, in our times, hunts deer, or anything, a-Sundays; and it 'twan't till after midnight on Saturday that I heerd the noises. That was enough to make me jub'ous. But when I remember'd how they used to tell me of the rich English gentleman, named Lumley, that once lived in the neighborhood, long afore the old Revolution; what a wicked man he was, and how he used to hunt a-Sundays; and how a judgment come upon him; and how he was lost, in one of his huntings, for a matter of six months or more; and when he was found, 'twas only his skeleton. Well I reckon, to think of all that, was enough to give me a bad scare—and it did. People reckoned he must have



been snake-bit, for there were the bones of the snake beside him, with the rattles on, eleven and the button; he must have killed the snake after he was struck. But it didn't help him. He never got away from the spot till they found his skeleton, and they know'd him by the ring upon his finger, and his knife, and horn, and gun; but all the iron was ruined, eaten up by the rust. Well, when I heer'd the horns a-Sunday, I recollected all about Squire Lumley, and his wickedness; and, before I seed anything, I was all over in a shiver. Well, presently I heard the horns blowing merrily again, and the sounds come fresher than ever to my ears. I was oneasy enough, and I made another trial to wake up 'Bram, but 'twas of no use. He was sounder than ever."

"Tspeek I bin sleep den, for true," was the modest interruption of 'Bram, at this stage of the narrative. With a grave shake of the head, Ephraim continued—

"I went out then in front of the house, and the horns were coming nigher from behind it. I was a-thinking to run and hide in the bushes, but I was so befuddled that I was afeer'd I should run right into the jaws of the danger. Though, when I thought of the matter agin', I got a little bolder, and I said to myself, 'what's the danger, I wonder. I'm in a free country. I'm troubling no man's property. I've let down no man's fence. I've left no man's gate open to let in the cattle. This old house nobody lives in, and I wouldn't ha' troubled it, ef so be Bram hadn't been taken sick in his bowels. What's the danger?' When I thought, in this way, to myself, I went in and took a sup of whiskey—a small sup—only a taste—by way of keeping my courage up. I tried to waken Bram again, for I said, 'two's always better than one, though one's a nigger,' but 'twas no use; Bram's sleep was sounder than ever. It was pretty cl'ar that he had soak'd the whiskey mighty deep that night!"

"Ki! Mass Ephraim! How you talk! Ef you nebber been drink more than me, dat night, you nebber been scare wid de hunters dat blessed Sunday morning."

"The nigger will talk!" said Ephraim, contemptuously, as he continued his narrative.

"Well, I felt stronger after I had taken that little sup, and went out again. Just then there came a blast of the horns almost in my very ears, and in the next minute I heard the trampling of horses. Soon a matter of twenty dogs burst out of the woods, and pushed directly for the house as if they knowed it; and then came the riders—five in all—four white men and one nigger. Ef I was scared at the sounds afore, the sight of these people didn't make me feel any easier. They were well enough to look at in the face, but, lord bless you, they were dressed in sich an outlandish fashion! Why, even the nigger had on short breeches, reaching only to his knees, and then stockings blue and red streaked, fitting close to his legs;—and sich a leg, all the calf turned in front, and the long part of his foot pretty much where the heel ought to be. Then he had buckles at his knees, and buckles on his shoes, jest for all the world like his master. And he wore a cap like his master, though not quite so handsome, and a great coat of bright indigo blue, with the cuffs and collar trimmed with yellow. His breeches were of a coarse buff, the same color with

the gentlemen, only theirs were made with a finer article—the raal buff, I reckon. They had on red coats that were mighty pretty, and all their horns were silver mounted. Our Governor and his officers, nowadays, never had on prettier regimentals. Well, up they rode, never taking any more notice of me than ef I was a dog; and I saw the nigger throw down a fine buck from his saddle. There was only one, but he had a most powerful head of horns. While they were all getting off their horses, and the nigger was taking 'em, I turned quietly into the house ag'in to try if a kick or two could get Bram out of his blankets. But, lord have mercy, when I look in, what should I see but another nigger there spreading a table with a cloth as white as the driven snow, and a-setting plates, and knives, and forks, and spoons, and bottles, and salt, and pepper, and mustard, and horse-radish, all as ef he had a cupboard somewhere at his hand. I was amazed, and worse than amazed, when I seed my own jug among the other things. But I hadn't the heart to touch it. For that matter, the nigger that was setting out the things kept as sharp an eye upon me as ef I was a thief. But soon the dishes began to show upon the table. There were the pots upon the fire, the gridiron, the Dutch oven, and everything, and the most rousing fire, and Bram still asleep in the corner, and knowing nothing about it. I was all over in a sweat. Soon, the gentlemen began to come in, but they took no sort of notice of me; and I slipped out and looked at their horses; but as the nigger was standing by 'em, and looking so strange, I didn't go too nigh. But the deer was still a-lying where he first threw it, and I thought I'd turn the head over and see the critter fairly, when, as I'm a living man, the antlers slipped through my fingers jest as fast as I tried to take 'em,—like so much water or smoke. There was a feel to me as ef I had touched someth'g, but I couldn't take hold no how, and while I was a-trying, the nigger holla'd, in a gruff voice, from the horses—'Don't you touch Maussa's meat!' I was getting desperate mighty fast, and I thought I'd push back, and try what good another sup of whiskey would do. Well, when I went into the house, the gentlemen were all a-setting round the table, and busy with knife and fork, jest as ef they were the commonest people. There was a mighty smart chance for feeding at the table. Ham and turkey, a pair of as fine wild ducks, English, as you ever seed; a beef tongue, potetters (potatoes), cabbage, eggs, and other matters, and all for jest five men and their servants. Jest then, one of the gentlemen set his eyes on me, and p'inted to one of the bottles—says he, jest as if I had been his own servant—

"Hand the bottle."

"And somehow, I felt as ef I couldn't help myself, but must hand it, sure enough. When he had poured out the liquor, which was a mighty deep red, yet clear as the sunshine, he gin me back the bottle, and I thought I'd take a taste of the stuff, jest to see what it was. I got a chance, and poured out a tolerable dram—supposing it was a sort of red bald face (whiskey)—into a cup and tossed it off in a twinkle. But it warn't bald face, nor brandy, nor wine, nor any liquor that I ever know'd before. It hadn't a strong taste, but was something like a cordial, with a flavor like fruit and essence. 'Twarn't strong, I say; so I tried it ag'in

an' ag'in, whenever I could git a chance; for I rather liked the flavor; and I warn't mealy-mouthed at helping myself, as they had enough of the critter, and, by this time, they had begun upon my own old bald-face. They seemed to like it well enough. They tried it several times, as if 'twas something new to them, and they didn't find it hard to make the acquaintance. I didn't quarrel with them, you may be sure, for I never was begrudgful of my liquor; and, besides, wasn't I trying their'n? Well, I can't tell you how long this lasted. 'Twas a good while; and they kept me busy; one after the other on 'em calling out to me to hand 'em this, and hand 'em that, and even the nigger motioning me to help him with this thing and the other. He didn't say much, and always spoke in a whisper. But, it so happened, that, when I was stretching out for one of the bottles, to try another taste of the cordial, one of the cursed dogs would come always in my way. At last, I gin the beast a kick; and, would you believe it, my foot went clean through him—through skin, and ribs, and body, jest the same as if I had kicked the wind or the water. I did not feel him with my foot. I was all over in a trimble; and the dog yelped, jest as if I had hurt him. Sure enough, at this, the great dark-favored man that sat at the head of the table, he fastened his eye upon me and said in a big threatening voice:

"Who kick'd my dog?"

"By this time, my blood was up a little. What with the scare I had, and the stuff I'd been a-drinking, I felt a little desperate; and my eye was sot upon the man pretty bold as I said:

"I was just reaching for my own liquor,"—(now, that warn't exactly true, I confess, for I was reaching for one of their own bottles)—"when the dog came in my way, and I just brushed him with my foot."

"Nobody shall kick my dog but myself," said he, more fierce than ever; and looking as if he meant kicking! That made me a sort o' wolfish, and, just then, something put the old story of Lumley and the rattlesnake fresh into my head; and, I couldn't help myself—but I gin him for answer as nice an imitation of a snake's rattle—you know how well I kin do it, my friends—as ever he heard in his born days.

"Lord! you should have seen the stir and heard the racket. Every fellow was on his feet in a minnit, and before I could dodge, the great dark-featured man, he rose up, and seized my jug by the handle, and whirled it furious about his head, and then he sent it at me, with such a curse, and such a cry, that I thought all the house a-tumbling to pieces. Like a great wind, they all rushed by me, men and dogs, and nigger, throwing me down in the door-way, and going over me as ef I was nothing in the way. Whether it was the jug that hit me, or them rushing over, and trampling me down, I can't say; but there I lay, pretty much stunned and stupified; not knowing anything for a long time;—and when I opened my eyes, and could look around me, there I was with Bram stooping over me and trying to raise me from the ground."

"Dat's true!" said Bram, laying special emphasis on *dat's* (that's) and shaking his head significantly. Ephraim continued:

"The strangers were all gone in the twinkling of an eye,—they had swept the platters,—carried off every thing clean,—

carried off tables and chairs, bottles and cups, plates and dishes, dinner and drink, pots and ovens, and had even put out the fire; sence, when Bram waked up, there was not a sign of it to be seen. My jug was broke all to pieces, and lying beside me at the door, and not a drop of liquor to be had. What they didn't drink, they wasted, the spiteful divels, when they broke the jug over my head."

Such was Ephraim's story, grown into a faith with many, of the Haunted Forest and House near Izard's Camp. In Ephraim's presence, Bram does not venture to deny a syllable of the story. He only professes to have seen nothing of it, except the full jug when they arrived at the house, and the broken and empty vessel when he awoke from his sleep. In Ephraim's absence, however, he does not scruple to express his doubts wholly of the ghostly visitors and the strange liquor. His notion is, that Ephraim got drunk upon the "bald-face" (whiskey) and dreamed the rest. His only subject of difficulty is that the jug should have been broken. He denies, for himself, that he took a drop too much—considering the state of his stomach.—We must resume our journey hereafter.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### AMERICAS.

WE omitted last week to mention that R. CRAIGHEAD, the destruction of whose printing-office by fire we have already chronicled, has already resumed business, and is prepared with new fonts of type and the best presses to meet every demand in his line, to even better advantage than before. In fact his business has scarcely suffered an interruption. He may be found at 53 Vesey street.

Messrs. HARPER & Bros. have nearly ready—The Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Mr. Chambers; Vol. I, to be completed in 4 vols. Ravenscliffe, by Mrs. Marsh. The Arctic Searching Expedition: a Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in Search of the Discovery Ships under Command of Sir John Franklin; with an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America, by Sir John Richardson, C.B., F.R.S. Part XXII of Copland's Medical Dictionary The Child's History of England, by Charles Dickens; Miss Mitford's Recollections of a Literary Life; Darien, by the late Eliot Warburton; The Head of the Family, by the Author of "Olive" and the "Ogilvies;" Falkenburg, &c.

D. APPLETON & Co. have nearly ready for publication—A Hand-book of the English Language designed for Colleges and High Schools, by Dr. R. S. Latham, 1 vol. 12mo. A Pocket French and English and English and French Dictionary, by Gabriel Surrenne, 18mo. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, by D. D. Williams, with maps and engravings, 8vo. Dr. Gutzlaff's Life of Taou-Kwang, late Emperor of China, and the Court of Peking, 12mo. Seoane and Velasquez's new Spanish and English and English and Spanish Dictionary, imp. 8vo. A new French and English and English and French Dictionary, uniform with the above. An abridged edition of Adler's German and English Dictionary, 12mo. Metallurgy; or, Chemistry of Metals, by F. Overman, with illustrations, 8vo. The Two Families, by the Author of "Rose Douglas." A Course of History of Modern Philosophy, from the French of Cousin, 2 vols. A Treatise on Marine Engines, American and English, with Practical Examples, by J. W. Adams, Civil Engineer, 8vo. A First History of Greece, by Miss Sewell, author of "First History of Rome," "Amy Herbert," etc. Journal

Kept during a Summer Tour for the Children of a Village School, by Miss Sewell, author of "Amy Herbert," etc. The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, 12mo. Margaret Cecil; or, I Can because I Ought, by Cousin Kate, 12mo. The Use of Sunshine, by S. M., author of "The Maiden Aunt," &c., &c., 12mo.

Messrs. MARKHAM & ELWOOD, Detroit, Mich., have just issued the second and improved edition of The Life and Public Services of General Lewis Cass; together with the Pamphlet on the Right of Search. The book, in one octavo of 424 pages, has been prepared for the press by W. T. Young, Esq., and the title bears this characteristic motto:—

"He's a man  
Who dares do aught save wrong—  
Fears nothing mortal but to be unjust;  
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs  
Of spongy sycophants—who stands unmoved  
Despite the jostlings of opinion."

In noticing the death of Dr. A. S. Doane, Health officer of New York, at Staten Island on the 27th January last, so soon after his participation in the Kossuth reception, the *Daily Times* says:—"Dr. Doane was not less industrious with his pen than in performing the duties of his profession. He translated Maygrier's work on *Midwifery*, and several standard authorities on *Anatomy* and *Surgery*; among which are Dupuytren's *Surgery*, Lugol's *Researches on Scrofulous Diseases*, Bayle's *Descriptive Anatomy*, Blandin's *Topographical Anatomy*, Meckel's *Anatomy*, Scoutetten on *Cholera*, Ricord's *Works*, and Chausser on *the Arteries*. Besides these labors, Dr. Doane was Editor of *Good's Study of Medicine*, and of *Surgery Illustrated*, and other works. The additions which his labors furnished to the archives of *Materia Medica*, justly rank him among the best benefactors, as he was a shining light of the Medical Profession.

##### FOREIGN.

Mr. Dickens's new serial work is announced to appear for the 29th February, in London.

The police of Berlin have prohibited the sale by the booksellers of that city of several works, amongst which are mentioned the two volumes entitled, "Writings and Memoirs of Robespierre."

The London Athenæum says of Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution," published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers:—"We have scarcely ever met with a publication more genuine and *bonâ fide*,—its merits are of a high order,—in every case there is the strong charm of faithfulness and character about it,—we shall await the appearance of Mr. Lossing's second volume with impatience."

Eliot Warburton, author of the "Crescent and the Cross;" "Conquest of Canada;" "Hochelaga—or, England in the New World;" "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers;" "Reginald Hastings," &c., &c., was among those passengers lost by the burning of the ill fated steamer Amazon. He was voyaging at the instance of the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company to the Isthmus of Darien, to make himself familiar with the topography, climate, and resources of that country and its natives.

A NEW EDITION OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.—Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh, the proprietors of the copyrights of this work since the time Messrs. Ballantyne & Co. ceased to flourish, have announced a new edition, the eighth, as in preparation. The whole will be in 21 volumes 4to, illustrated by 500 engravings on steel and many thousands on wood. All articles, not superseded by newer contributions, will be improved to the latest knowledge by the most eminent and able men. The proprietors propose to commence the publication in monthly parts towards the close of 1852, and to proceed at the rate of four volumes every year till finished. In a brief history of this stupendous production, we find the first edition was published in 3 vols. 4to. in 1771; the second in 10 vols. in 1778; the third in 18 vols. in 1797; to

which was added, in 1801, a supplement, in 2 vols. The fourth in 20 vols. in 1810, and the fifth and sixth during the next ten years; to these two last was added the celebrated supplement, edited by Prof. Napier, finished in 6 vols. in 1824. The seventh edition was completed by the Messrs. Black, in 1842. A few years since, in a lawsuit between these gentlemen and the heirs of one of the contributors as to the ownership of a contribution, it was proved that over £124,000 (more than \$600,000) had been expended on the work; and now it is stated that the sale, in the eighty years of its publication, has been 35,000 copies!

TO PUBLISHERS OF MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.—The subscriber has on hand about 500 fine Steel Engravings, the quality of which can be seen by referring to "Godey's Lady's Book." Impressions from these plates can be had on the most reasonable terms.

Address

L. A. GODEY,

No. 113 Chestnut st., PHILADELPHIA.

#### NOW READY.

#### SECOND EDITION OF CLOVERNOOK.

THE Press has everywhere, with extraordinary unanimity, pronounced respecting "CLOVERNOOK; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE WEST," that it is the finest production of its class in recent American literature, and that it entitles its Author to the most elevated rank among Women of Genius. It is compared in this country with the "Sketch Book" of Irving, and *Ik. Marvel's* "Reveries of a Bachelor;" and in British literature with Professor Wilson's "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and Miss Mitford's "Our Village." It may safely be alleged that no female writer ever attained so suddenly and deservedly to so high a reputation in the literary world.

##### SECOND SERIES OF EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

"No American woman has evinced in prose or poetry anything like the genius of Alice Carey."—*Westminster Review*.

"Alice Carey is an extraordinary word-painter in prose and verse. She appears to combine the fine qualities of Miss Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with the best graces of pastoral poetry."—*Journal des Débats*.

"The 'Recollections' are beautiful, exceedingly. Beautiful for all the brilliant peculiarities that gave individuality to her poems; ideal imaginativeness, tender sadness of affection, sometimes despairing and rebellious, but always pure in aspiration; delicious delineations of rural scenery, whose truthfulness is their crowning charm; with an added excellence in the quiet humor that blends and contrasts with the more pathetic and tragic interest of her stories."—*Sartain's Mag.*

"The author has already given proof of her genius in the department of poetry, and in the present volume she shows the possession of no less decided talent for narrative, and the delineation of character."—*Evening Post*.

"'Clovernook,' by that sweet bird of Western song, Alice Carey, abounds in delicacy of sentiment, freshness of illustration, and beauty of diction."—*New Orleans Com. Bulletin*.

#### NARRATIVES

OF

#### SORCERY AND MAGIC;

From the Most Authentic Sources.

By THOS. WRIGHT, A.M., F.R.A.

In One Volume 12mo. Cloth.

PRICE \$1 25.

##### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"This is one of the pleasantest books about witchcraft that we ever read; and Mr. Wright tells his stories, and conveys his information with so much spirit and good sense that we are sorry he has confined himself to only one department of a subject which he is very well able to treat as a whole. Mr. Wright has rewritten the criminal annals of witchcraft in a style perfectly free from any important faults; and he has illustrated his narrative by rich collateral facts, which could be acquired only by long familiarity with a peculiar and extensive branch of antiquarian learning. We do not see, then, that the fortunes of witchcraft have ought to hope from any narrator who may attempt to supersede him."—*Athenæum*.

"This is a very curious and highly interesting book. It contains a series of popular stories of sorcery and magic (the first chiefly), and their victims, from the period of the middle ages down to that of the last executions for witchcraft in England and America. Mr. Wright tells these stories admirably; and without marring their effect as illustrations of the respective phases of corrupt or imperfect civilization to which they were incident, his clear comments point the truth or philosophy of the individual case, independent of its subjection to general causes or influences. The range of information in the book is extraordinarily wide, and it is popularly set forth throughout, without a touch of pedantry or a dull page."—*Examiner*.

"From this wide field Mr. Wright has selected two parts for illustration, viz. sorcery and magic; and must have devoted much reading and research to produce so comprehensive a view of them, not only in England and Scotland, but in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and New England."—*Literary Gazette*.

J. S. REDFIELD, CLINTON HALL.

771



**TWENTY-SECOND CINCINNATI TRADE SALE,**

TO COMMENCE ON MONDAY, March 29th, 1852. The undersigned respectfully solicit consignments of BOOKS, STEREOTYPE PLATES, BOOK-BINDERS' STOCK, STATIONERY, &c., to be sold according to former rules and regulations. The CATALOGUE will be put to press on the 18th of February, and Invoices should be received a few days previous to that time. Contributors at the East will confer a favor by forwarding their goods early. Liberal advances made on receipt of goods when required. EVENING SALES OF BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., are held during the business season at the Trade Sale Rooms, for which, and for private Sales, consignments are solicited. \* \* Those in the Trade who have never patronized our Sale, we refer to Contributors and Purchasers for the last ten years, with the assurance that no effort shall be wanting on our part to merit the approbation of all concerned.

HAYDEN AND HUBBARD,

j31 tf

Trade Sale Rooms, Southeast corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, Up-stairs.

**A Great Work for the People.**

FIFTH EDITION.

**HUNGARY AND KOSSUTH.**By B. F. TEFFT, D.D., *President of Genesee College, N. Y.*

One Volume 12mo. WITH PORTRAIT.

PRICE \$1 PER COPY.

JOHN BALL, 48 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

and 56 Gravier street, New Orleans.

ACTIVE CANVASSERS, ON APPLICATION, CAN FIND EMPLOYMENT FOR THE SALE OF THIS POPULAR AND TIMELY PUBLICATION. j10 2m

**JUST PUBLISHED.****A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE USE OF THE MICROSCOPE.**

BY JOHN QUEKETT.

Second Edition, with Additions, and Illustrated by Twelve Steel Plates and Two Hundred Wood Engravings. 8vo. Price reduced to \$5.

Also,

**THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE HEAVENS.**

BY PROF. J. P. NICHOL, LL.D.

Ninth Edition, entirely Revised, and greatly Enlarged, with Twenty-three Steel Plates and numerous Woodcuts. 8vo. Price \$3 50.

Also, Volume III. of

**TECHNOLOGY; OR, CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS AND TO MANUFACTURES.**

BY DRS. KNAPP, RONALDS, AND RICHARDSON.

With Nine folio Colored Plates and One Hundred and Twenty-nine Woodcuts. Price \$5.

\* \* The above form part of the "LIBRARY OF STANDARD ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC WORKS."

H. BAILLIERE, 290 BROADWAY.

Importations by every French and English Steamer. Catalogues gratis, on application. j24

**CAMPBELL'S LORD-CHANCELLORS.**

NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION.

BLANCHARD &amp; LEA, PHILADELPHIA,

Will publish next week,

**LIVES OF THE LORD-CHANCELLORS,**

AND KEEPERS OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE REIGN OF GEORGE IV.

BY JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, LL.D., &amp;c.

Second American, from the Third London Edition.

In Seven handsome volumes crown 8vo., extra cloth or half morocco.

This has been reprinted from the author's most recent edition, and embraces his extensive modifications and additions. It will therefore be found eminently worthy a continuance of the great favor with which it has heretofore been received.

"A work of sterling merit—one of very great labor, of richly diversified interest, and of lasting value and estimation."—*Quarterly Review*."I scarcely need advise every reader to consult Lord Campbell's excellent work."—*Macaulay's History of England*"Lord Campbell has rendered a very acceptable service, not only to the legal profession, but to the history of the country."—*Law Review*."We have not the least hesitation in saying that these Lives will be found to deserve a solid and permanent place in English biography."—*Examiner*."Of the solid merit of the work, our judgment may be gathered from what has already been said. We will add, that from its infinite fund of anecdote, and happy variety of style, the book addresses itself with equal claims to the mere general reader, as to the legal or historical inquirer; and while we avoid the stereotyped commonplace of affirming that no library can be complete without it, we feel constrained to afford it a higher tribute, by pronouncing it entitled to a distinguished place on the shelves of every scholar who is fortunate enough to possess it."—*Fraser's Mag.*"A work which will take its place in our libraries as one of the most brilliant and valuable contributions to the literature of the present day."—*Athenaeum*.

Also, just issued, printed and bound in uniform style,

**LORD CAMPBELL'S****LIVES OF THE CHIEF-JUSTICES OF ENGLAND,**

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TILL THE DEATH OF LORD MANSFIELD.

In two handsome volumes, crown 8vo., various bindings. ja31

**LADY BULWER'S NEW NOVEL.****THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS.**

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME. PRICE 50 CENTS.

Published by A. HART, PHILADELPHIA.

j1 tf

**THE MERCHANTS' AND BANKERS' ALMANAC FOR 1852,**

CONTAINS:

- I.—Calendar, and Chronology of Important Events.
  - II.—The Banks of the United States—Name and Location of each—President, Cashier, and Capital of each.
  - III.—Bills of Exchange and Usury in each State—1. Legal Rate of Interest, and Penalties for the Violation thereof—2. Damages on Inland and Foreign Bills of Exchange—3. Grace on Sight-Bills—4. Decisions of the State Courts.
  - IV.—New Bank and Insurance Laws of New York and Massachusetts. Also Laws relating to the Mint.
  - V.—Forms of Bills of Exchange in Eight European Languages.
  - VI.—Tables of the Moneys of Account of Various Nations—Gold and Silver Coins, &c.
  - VII.—Notes on Coins in General Use.
  - VIII.—Coinage, Debt, Revenue, Imports, &c., of the United States.
- With copious Tables of value to every Counting Room, Broker, Banker, and Public Library. Octavo, pp. 188, superline, with a Portrait of N. M. Rothschild. Price \$1, paper covers; \$1 25, in cloth. j24 tf G. P. PUTNAM, PUBLISHER, New York.

**TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, BOSTON,**

Have just Published:

**VOICES OF THE NIGHT.**

By LONGFELLOW.

Beautifully illustrated, and bound to match their illustrated edition of "Evangeline."

**MR. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.**

A new and beautifully illustrated edition, in one volume, elegantly bound.

**RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.**

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

With Designs by Billings.

Square 16mo. red cloth, 50 cents, to match "My Pets," "London Doll," &amp;c.

**SECOND SERIES OF GREENWOOD LEAVES.**

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

1 volume 12mo. cloth. \$1 25, with Portrait.

**THE SNOW IMAGE,**

AND OTHER TALES.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

One vol. 16mo., cloth, 75 cts.

IN PRESS:

**LEIGH HUNT'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.**

THE NOONING.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

**MEMOIR AND WRITINGS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.**

d20 tf

NOW READY.

New Themes for the Protestant Clergy.

**NEW THEMES FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY;**

CREEDS WITHOUT CHARITY, THEOLOGY WITHOUT HUMANITY, AND PROTESTANTISM WITHOUT CHRISTIANITY.

With Notes by the Editor on the Literature of Charity, Population, Pauperism, Political Economy, and Protestantism. 1 vol. 12mo.

**REGULATIONS**

FOR THE UNIFORM AND DRESS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the original Text and Drawings in the War Department.

THIRD EDITION.

Also, COMMERCIAL AND MECHANICAL ARITHMETIC.

BY C. TRACY, A.M.

IN PRESS.

**PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.**

LYNDE WEISS:

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO &amp; CO.,

14 North Fourth st., Philadelphia. 10 tf

Books Suited for Six Millions of Readers in the United States.

# PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY

OF STANDARD AND ATTRACTIVE WORKS, FOR TRAVELLERS AND THE FIRESIDE.

*The Distinctive Characteristics of this Series are :*

- I.—A REGULAR PERIODICAL ISSUE, MAILABLE LIKE THE MAGAZINES.  
 II.—GOOD PAPER, GOOD "PRINT," AND PORTABLE FORM, BOTH FOR THE TRAVELLER'S POCKET, AND TO BIND FOR THE LIBRARY.  
 III.—BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH READING AND WORTH PRESERVING.  
 IV.—A LARGE AMOUNT OF READING FOR A SMALL PRICE.

The Publisher proposes in this Series to try the experiment of giving good Books at a very low price—so low a price, indeed, that a very large sale only can make it remunerative.

The form, the size of the type, the quality of the paper, and the character of the Works themselves, are such as are calculated to be acceptable to those who, in search of intellectual entertainment either at home or abroad, will prefer a readable and legibly printed Library book, to a small type, double-column, temporary pamphlet.

In the selection of Books for the series, it is intended to combine amusement with utility:—STANDARD and ORIGINAL BOOKS of TRAVELS, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, and SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY, chosen with reference to an attractive, pithy, and entertaining style of writing, as well as for their ability and authenticity—these will be interspersed with lighter and humorous works, such as those of the inimitable Hood, whose cheerful philosophy and true humanity are as remarkable as his genuine and mirth-moving wit.

**Price 25 Cents per Volume, or \$5 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.**

*Thus giving TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES for \$5—the usual Price of which would be about \$15.*

\*. POSTAGE—Under 500 miles, 3 cents; over 500 and under 1,500, 10 cents; over 1,500 and under 2,500, 15 cents.

"Useful and economical volumes for the million."—*Boston Gazette*.

"Admirably adapted to alleviate the tedium of a long journey, or to amuse a vacant hour at home."—*Boston Traveller*.

"The paper and print are good, and the form is convenient both for a traveller's pocket and to bind for the library. The plan is a good one, and will, beyond doubt, prove in the highest degree successful."—*Troy Whig*.

"Will bear the wear and tear of half a dozen readings, and then be worthy of good binding and a place upon the shelves. Of the matter in the present volume, it is needless to speak in eulogy. It has already its due place in public favor, and the collection of the several papers into a book will be welcomed by all."—*Courier and Enquirer*.

"This volume is a classified reprint of Dickens's 'Household Words,' and forms

the first of a series under the title of 'Home and Social Philosophy.' It is intended thus to preserve in a portable and permanent shape all those valuable, pithy, and entertaining essays which relate to domestic and social economy. The whole of this admirable work of Dickens will thus be preserved, with the omission only of those articles of a local and temporary interest. Everything from the pen of Dickens is fraught with amusement or instruction."—*Chr. Intelligencer*.

"A more delightful volume for occasional reading by the fireside, or in the railroad, cannot well be procured."—*Commercial Adv.*

"As every body knows what the 'Household Words' are, it is enough to say that the design of this work is to throw the most entertaining and pithy of them into a convenient and portable form."—*Albany Argus*.

The following will be among the earlier numbers:—

## COPYRIGHT WORKS.

IDA PFEIFFER'S JOURNEY TO ICELAND—Translated expressly for this series, by Miss Cooper.

WALKS AND TALKS OF AN AMERICAN FARMER IN ENGLAND—By Fred. Olmstead; with wood cuts.

THE WORLD HERE AND THERE; OR, TRAVELLERS' NOTES—"Household Words" Edited by Charles Dickens.

HOME NARRATIVES—Or, Stories from Household Words. Edited by Charles Dickens.

HOME AND SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY; Or, Chapters on Every Day Topics. From "Household Words." Edited by Charles Dickens.

## TABLE TALK ON BOOKS, MEN, AND MANNERS. HUMOROUS SERIES.

UP THE RHINE—By Thomas Hood. With Comic Illustrations.

WHIMSICALITIES—By Thomas Hood. A choice selection, with numerous humorous illustrations.

HOOD'S OWN—A farther selection, with numerous Comic Illustrations.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES—By Thomas Hood. With Comic Illustrations.

## NOW READY.

*The First Volume.—HOME AND SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.*

From "Household Words." By CHARLES DICKENS.

*The Second Volume.—WHIMSICALITIES.*

By THOMAS HOOD. With Comic Illustrations.

THE THIRD VOLUME WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 15TH.

# G. P. PUTNAM'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

I.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S NEW WORK.

THE AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT REPRINT FROM MR. MURRAY'S PROOF-SHEETS.

**A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS; or, PARIS IN 1851.**

BY SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

Author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen," &c. Two Parts. Paper Covers, 75 cents; or 1 Vol., Cloth, \$1.

"Nothing could be more opportune than the publication of this volume at a time when the sudden surprise of great events has fixed the eyes of the civilized world upon France. So spirited and instructive a description of a great city has rarely been written. Paris is drawn before the reader with more than panoramic vividness."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"This is an admirable book."—*Literary World*.

"It gives a terrible but true picture of society in Paris."—*Express*.

"His style is sprightly and graphic in an unusual degree; and his habit of observation unusually active. He has the knack, too, of seeing things which others either have not thought of, or neglected to describe. The reader will be no less surprised than delighted to find these sketches of Paris so invested with novelties."—*Boston Traveller*.

II.

LAYARD'S NINEVEH COMPLETE, FOR \$1.

**NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS;**

With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidiz or Devil-Worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians.

BY A. H. LAYARD, ESQ.

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES BY PROFESSOR E. ROBINSON, D.D.

New Edition, containing the whole work, without Abridgment of the Text. With Forty Engravings.

Two Volumes in One, 12mo., Cloth, \$1.

"The work of Layard is the most prominent contribution to the study of antiquity that has appeared for many years."—*Christian Inquirer*.

"This book has a rare amount of graphic, vivid, picturesque narrative."—*Tribune*.

III.

**HAND-BOOK OF USEFUL ARTS.** By DR. ANTISELL.

(PUTNAM'S HOME CYCLOPEDIA.) With Engravings. 12mo., cloth, \$2.

IV.

MR. BRISTED'S NEW WORK.

**FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.**